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This Number Is Largely Devoted to Literature for Children

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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New Lamps for Old

MAGAZINE and newspaper reading, and quick transportation, have done for the old "characters" and they are not likely to reappear in our cultural cycle. Uncle Toby, Squire Western, Mr. Pickwick, Mrs. Proudie, Mr. Collins, Natty Bumppo (not to mention Sancho Panza) were great literary successes of the past, but they have no legitimate descendants—no eccentrics for the sake of their eccentricity succeed in the same measure nowadays, the dreamers, the rural philosophers, the tough customers of modern novels are weak survivals of an earlier fashion. We seldom remember their names, unless, like Babbitt, they carry an edge of satire and define a type.

The old "character," whatever else may have been true of it, depended upon circumstances rapidly disappearing. The traits by which we best remember the Bardolphs, the Rip Van Winkles, the Tony Lumpkins were due to limitations in environment or education, most of all to ignorance of the prevailing mood of their times. The great "characters" were localisms. It was because they held prejudices, delusions, illusions, faiths quite opposed to the currents of rational experience, that they were so high-flavored. Uncle Toby lived in a military past already dead; Mr. Micawber was nourished upon dreams which the reading of a modern daily paper would have discouraged in early youth. Mr. Collins is incredible except in an artificial world made up of privilege and patronage. Even the mere consciousness of liberal ideas would have drained the comic out of him, though much would have been left. He would have been no less predatory and subservient, but his confidence would have lost its edge. Natty Bumppo's simple philosophy gets its appeal from his major premise that the world is like a primeval forest with ragged edges. Squire Western educated, would have been a worse tyrant perhaps, but a dull character. It is because he is an ignorant boor functioning as a country gentleman that he is so amusing.

And of course the vast success of all such characters was due to the pleasant sense of superiority engendered. It was town wits not country squires who read and enjoyed "Tom Jones." It was London, not the counties, that was delighted with exquisite narrowness of the actors in "Pride and Prejudice." The sophisticate, the traveled, the educated, preening themselves while reading of the primitive or the obsessed, have made the success of most character fiction.

* * *

Knotty types like these, and particularly freaks, phantasists, dreamers, partisans, who are by no means fools or weak, but the results of environment, do not now develop so readily. The New England village with automobiles, radio, telephone, daily paper, and weekly magazine, can no longer supply the rural oddities that Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett found a few decades ago. Eccentricity is reduced by free and constant contact with other minds. The "hick" is to be found now only in the comics, and already the Yiddish "characters" and the Irish boys which the American city contributed to the gallery are hard to find in life. We are getting as shy of eccentricities in character as of eccentricities in clothes.

Humor will find other outlets. If there are going to be fewer freaks in our fiction there will be as much character. Character as such is of course unaffected by changes which do away with queer accents, absurd manners, and incongruous beliefs.

And psychology, which just now with its morbidities, perversions, and mechanisms is certainly the dismal science, is likely to encourage, as the wheel of circumstance rolls over and over, a new kind of character differentiation. For psychology is making us see clearly the comedy or tragedy of a maladjusted type. The schizoid who has to be social, the male with feminine attributes who must assume masculine responsibilities, the introverts extraverted, the paranoiac pursued by his friends, are all new readings of old character types, but with a different exposure to the weather.

Wherever there is a new view of the human race, a new comedy always and a new tragedy often, follow. We tease the psychologists who do seem to

(*Continued on page* 336)

For Theseus—and Any Man

By GEORGE O'NEIL

YOUR hands are dust. Earth's curious fabric broken
Gathers most strangely in these moving shapes—
Bodies of men. Yet by no valid token
Has any aim been pledged. And what escapes
When flesh breaks back has never shone or spoken
Through dust in the darkness
Turning.

This knowledge is a stone, oppressing, cold.
It can be put away. A man may grasp
And draw with arrogance a blade of gold.
And though that gleaming hand in the flaunted clasp
Flake into nothing, it is much to hold
A sword in the sunlight,
Burning.

This Week

The Balanced Life.
By *Austen Riggs*, M.D.
"To the Pure."
Reviewed by *Ferris Greenslet.*
"The Travel-Diaries of William Beckford."
Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*
"The Strange Necessity."
Reviewed by *Edward Garnett.*
"The Making of Buffalo Bill."
Reviewed by *Bernard de Voto.*
"Theresa."
Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*
A Letter to Leonora.
By *Christopher Morley.*
"The House at Pooh Corner."
Reviewed by *John Bennett.*

Next Week, or Later

Mussolini's Autobiography.
Reviewed by the Rt. Rev. *Ernest Stires.*

Are All Things Pure?*

By FERRIS GREENSLET

NO new book could be approached by a publisher, and particularly by a Boston publisher, with more anxious and hopeful interest than one entitled: "To the Pure. . . . .: A study of Obscenity and the Censor." The subject involves a problem that darkens his days and blanches his nights. In the years when his stout predecessors published "The Scarlet Letter" amid the denunciations of a respectable percentage of the clergy, or later when in an access of fugitive virtue they declined to publish the first English translation of "Anna Karenina," perhaps one desirable manuscript in a thousand raised difficult questions of propriety. To-day, "après la guerre," and after the rise of the new humanism which began even before it, the proportion in certain types of literature is certainly not less than one in ten.

Nor does his dilemma present itself in the simple form of: "Is this phrase obscene or not obscene?" or "Is this passage likely or unlikely to corrupt the morals of youth?" These are questions that an educated gentleman with some knowledge of the world, a mind open to currents of thought, a decent sense of civic responsibility, and a trained judgment, in short a publisher, ought to answer with a fair working measure of success. But if his answer is in the negative he is next confronted by the long horns of his second dilemma: Will the unfortunate types who are impelled to act as free lance informers, and the police agree with me? It is in the effort to determine not what is or is not improper to print, but what someone else, someone perhaps less reasonable and enlightened, will passionately denounce as a crime to print, that the way to madness lies.

* * *

What hope, then, for the ultimate preservation of our sanity is held out by the publication of Messrs. Ernst and Seagle's timely work? Hope is indeed there, but its full realization is likely to be deferred. The book is better calculated to provide ammunition and entertainment for the proponents of complete freedom for the press than to persuade and convince the objectors. The very words of its title, taken from a sentence in the writings of a prince of humanists and phrase makers, have always been fighting words to Puritans, surpassed in this respect only by "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Its point of view throughout is that of the special pleader. There is insufficient recognition of the idealism that is back even of "vice crusades" and of such organizations as the much advertised and much maligned Watch and Ward Society. There are, too, suggestions and extreme statements advanced in the fervor of argument that are open to question, and will be questioned, jubilantly, by the other side. Taken as a whole, however, it is undoubtedly the most complete, enlightened, reasonable, and informing study of its prickly subject that has yet been made. It may lead to no immediate change in our censorship laws, or public confessions of error from our censors, professional and amateur, but its publication is none the less a definite and considerable step forward on the path of right reason.

The book opens with a series of chapters, very learnedly and amusingly written, presenting the history of literary censorship. In the course of these the absurdities, inconsistencies, and futilities of our

*TO THE PURE . . . A Study of Obscenity and the Censor. By MORRIS L. ERNST and WILLIAM SEAGLE. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $3.

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existing censorship laws will for the majority of readers become convincingly apparent. As the work is one which everyone who has to do with books in any way will read, there is no point in elaborating this argument further here.

It is now for the friends of the censors to defend and justify their continued existence. Here is an opportunity for them to produce, if they can, an adequate something in answer to the lyric cry of the flesh that eternally mocks them:

"O censeurs, montrez-moi un objet aussi beau que mon bien-aimé."

(As the citation is from one of the great books of the world not yet allowed to circulate in its full strength in the United States, it shall be nameless. For the further protection of the young, the quotation is made in French, which will notably remain for sometime yet the *lingua franca* of the larger purity.)

Following the historical summary come important chapters, "Towards a Test of Obscenity," "The Critic as Expert," and "Pornography and the Child." Here one or two items of dissent must be registered. It seems to the writer that our authors dismiss the critic as expert too summarily. Produced on the witness stand he would, no doubt, as our authors assert, infallibly make an ass of himself; but as pre-publication advisor he is not without merit. Nine out of ten "delicate questions" of printability can be settled by a competent critic on grounds of taste rather than of morals or law. The painters have a useful phrase to express a color in a picture that is too strong for its position. They say it "thumps." Well, sex is a very strong color. Unless used with discretion, or unless the other colors are very strong too, as for example in "The Arabian Nights," it is likely to "thump." In unskilful or meretricious hands it is sure to do so. A good proportion of the books that have been suppressed, full-blown, on dubious moral and legal grounds might well have been nipped in the bud by the critic by the application of this test.

It is in the chapter on "Pornography and the Child" that the authors make their chief construc- ggestion. When it comes to brass tacks they ittle elusive, but if I interpret them correctly, vould repeal all existing censorship laws and ute the following:

Sec. 1. Pornography is any matter or thing exhibiting or visually representing persons or animals performing the sexual act whether normal or abnormal.

Sec. 2. It shall be criminal for anyone other than a teacher in the course of his employment, or a doctor in the regular practice of his profession, or a parent (of the child in question) to exhibit, sell, rent, or offer for exhibition, sale, or rent, any such pornographic material to any person under the age of eighteen.

So far so good! But one may question whether in the present stage of human imperfection it is quite far enough, even if the existing laws could conceivably be repealed in their entirety. Perhaps as much as can be humanly expected now is some such type of bill as that which the distressed Boston Booksellers tried unsuccessfully to put through the Great and General Court of Massachusetts last winter. This established an orderly procedure, which might prove expensive to the idle complainant. It shifted the burden of defense from the bookseller to the publisher and author, and put the affair in the first instance within the jurisdiction of the judges of the Superior Court, a more than ordinarily well-educated and enlightened body of men. Could it have contained a clause providing that the alleged obscene passage must be considered in relation to the intent, construction, and effect of the work as a whole, it would have satisfied pretty nearly all of the victims and survivors of the Boston Book Massacre of 1927, and might have proved a model law for other states.

But in the advanced political philosophy of Mr. Ernst and Seagle, all inhibitory laws are bad. They believe that repeal is a necessary precedent to progress towards a wholesome and abundant life for all the people. This is a point of view that has always had a powerful charm for generous minds. Our authors present it with notable vigor and diversified illustration. It is good and helpful to have it so presented, but sad practical men will doubt: (a) whether a sweeping repeal of the existing laws is conceivably possible within the time of our own lives; and (b) whether we have reached the stage of natural purity where it is desirable.

Whether we abolish the law, and progress in consequence; or progress, and abolish the law in consequence, or progress and abolish with equal steps, we arrive at the same end. Let us all work towards it.

I like to think that some day it will be plain to everyone that the normal human mind is like the open and unconfined sea,—the mother of life; that it can take into itself dead things, slimy things, foulness and pollution, yet under the wind and the sun, —wind of dispute and sun of knowledge if you will,—turn all to a salty purity; but if the sea is dyked and canalized, if the mind is beset with repressions and restrictions then, and only then, the pollution is held suspended and can contaminate.

When we reach that day of understanding, and when through the progress of education and social hygiene, of psychological and surgical science, all human minds are normal then, at last, all things will be pure. As now in Paris in traffic incidents they quite properly arrest not the taxi driver, but the errant pedestrian, so perhaps in that millennium not the shocking volume but the shocked reader will be haled into court.

The Caliph of Fonthill

THE TRAVEL-DIARIES OF WILLIAM BECKFORD. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. 1928. $12.50.

VATHEK. By WILLIAM BECKFORD. New York: The John Day Company. 1928.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

AMONG the innumerable idle, inquisitive, splenetic, and sentimental travellers of the eighteenth century none is more pathetic and at the same time less lovable than William Beckford, the Caliph of Fonthill. He was the richest man in England, he was happily married, and he was brilliantly clever, but at the age of twenty-seven his career was blasted by an unsavory scandal, probably untrue, which drove him into exile for twelve years and alienated him from his friends. The literary result of this exile was an account of his travels in Spain and Portugal, and recollections of an excursion to the monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalla. These diaries, together with an earlier book of travel called "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents," which like all Beckford's works, except "Vathek," have long been out of print, have been resurrected by Mr. Guy Chapman and formally introduced to the world again in a most attractive edition. If clothes can make the book then certainly Beckford's resuscitated Diaries deserve a long life. If they do not penetrate beyond the first line of critics and scholars to the attention of the general reader it will be because Beckford never inspires the faintest shadow of affection. Mr. Chapman admits as much himself: "Search all his writings and you will scarcely find one passage in which there is a reality of sentiment, an admission from the heart." There are scores of travellers, Smollett and Fielding among them, who make no attempt at sentiment and yet are eminently readable, but to attempt and fail is the unpardonable sin.

* * *

The first impression we get of Beckford in these volumes is not a happy one. He has arrived at Ostend and he is disgusted with it. "'Tis so unclassic a place. Nothing but preposterous Flemish roofs disgust your eyes when you cast them upwards: swaggering Dutchmen and mongrel barbers are the first object they meet with below." There is a certain irascibility which is rather companionable, but Beckford is not content with being wittily querulous. Unfortunately he meant precisely what he said when he called his book "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents." We follow him through Holland, Germany, and Italy without ever coming in contact with reality. He observes nothing except his own sensibility. As he walks along the beach at Ostend he writes in this vein:

There, at least, thought I to myself, I may range undisturbed, and talk with my old friends the breezes, and address my discourse to the waves, and be as romantic and whimsical as I please. . . . I had not one peaceful moment to observe the bright tints of the western horizon, or enjoy the series of antique ideas with which a calm sunset never fails to inspire me.

Such writing may be entertaining for a few pages, but ultimately, as the reviewer knows to his cost, it becomes extremely wearisome.

Instead of a long incoherent rhapsody on his emotion over the Grande Chartreuse, what would we not give for an account of his visit to the shrivelled old man with large piercing eyes, who described himself as "a poor octogenarian, about to quit this world—Voltaire." Beckford met a number of celebrities during the Grand Tour, among them Gibbon, whose library he bought, and a Mlle. Neckar, the daughter of a Swiss financier, a very talented young lady who was afterwards to cause Napoleon such annoyance. We know them from his letters but they never appear in the diaries. It seems almost as if in this first record of his Travels he had decided to exclude any mention of people or events. Sir William Hamilton, famous as the husband of the famous Lady Hamilton, flits through his pages without making any impression. When a Carthusian monk in Venice asks him the latest news of Lord George Gordon and the American War he pleads his ignorance of the Italian language. On every possible occasion he prides himself upon his self-sufficiency, his contempt for human society, and his enjoyment of nature.

By the time he reaches Spain and Portugal his *Weltschmerz* had given way to genuine enjoyment of society. Suddenly the pageantry of life begins to amuse him. Far from being entirely immersed in his own emotions he becomes delightfully aware of his environment. His love of music takes him out into the fashionable world where he establishes something of a reputation for himself as a mad Englishman. On one occasion he dances a fandango with such gusto that the onlookers "wonder how it was possible for a son of the cold north to have learned their rapturous flings and stampings."

* * *

But his recollections of his visit to the two great Portuguese monasteries shows us Beckford at his very best. This little book, written when he was seventy-five, forty years after the excursion took place, contains infinitely more vitality than the dreams of the twenty-year-old boy. It was not that Time had mellowed him; on the contrary, it had made his style more racy and pungent, and it had opened his eyes to a great deal of the comedy and tragedy being enacted around him which he had previously ignored. His satiric portraits of the monks, their splendid zest for food, and his own pride in his excellent French cook, who was so unpatriotic as to prefer Spanish wine to his native Clos de Vougeot, could hardly be bettered by any gourmet in literature. At the monastery of Alcobaça a certain truffle cream proved so exquisite that "my Lord Abbot forestalled the usual grace at the termination of repasts most piously to give thanks for it."

The Portuguese monasteries impressed Beckford so much that when he finally returned home after his wanderings, in 1796, he proceeded to build the famous Abbey of Fonthill. The architect's instructions were, in the first place, to produce a building with the external appearance of a half-ruined monastery, but enriched by every architectural device, and embellished by every object of beauty that money could buy. Five hundred men were employed on the decorations night and day, and the building was sufficiently completed in 1800, in spite of the collapse of the great tower, to receive Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and her accommodating husband.

* * *

Beckford lived in this extraordinary abbey for twenty years, at the end of which time he decided that the expense was too great, even for his unlimited purse. He sold it incidentally for £330,000. Hazlitt visited the abbey during the sale and described it as a "desert of magnificence," "a glittering waste of laborious idleness." The description might almost pass for Beckford's own life. No one was more afflicted with the acquisitive instinct and no one was less capable of sharing his treasures with others. In a sense he was a magnificent creature, but as any one will admit who reads "Vathek" it was, even at its best, an arid magnificence. What he lacked in his life was human sympathy, and no one can read his Travel-Diaries without being conscious of it. "I lost all my friends," he once remarked, "and was almost fearful to acquire new lest I should lose them in turn."

Colonel T. E. Lawrence has written to Mr. Raymond Savage, the secretary of his trustees, denying that he is writing a new book on the East.

A document which shows that the first work of Caxton was printed in 1476, a year before the generally accepted date, has been discovered at the British Record Office.

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Channels and Sandbanks

THE STRANGE NECESSITY. By REBECCA WEST. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD GARNETT

IF the main function of criticism be to render just judgments, a lesser one is to stimulate the reader, to excite him to think, to agree or disagree. For her stimulating qualities when Miss Rebecca West mounts the public platform she bears off many prizes. Hers is a fighting personality, provocative, fearless, wielding with a determined hand the critical bludgeon. Though she has as good an opinion of herself as she is overbearing with others she has real gifts, sharp insight, conviction, and a knack of brilliant phrasing. In her new book, "The Strange Necessity," her personality has full play. As with a tidal river, there are deep channels, shoals, and sandbanks in plenty. In pages at a stretch the writing is admirable, at others it is involved and in places abominable. Her verdicts are incisive, at times brilliant, but often too smart or a little cheap. She has, with the younger school, assimilated the psychoanalytic formulas, and often applies them with an ingenuous cocksureness that makes one smile. As a critic she is feminine in the sense that if she likes an author she hoists him sky-high with her approval, and if she disapproves he is buried beneath a heap of stones and flattened beneath her shovel.

In Part One of "The Strange Necessity" Miss West makes a brilliant start, and her courageous exposition of "Ulysses," of its human, social, and esthetic significance is, I think, as good as any yet written on that fecund, amorphous work. Miss West has, in my opinion, overrated the book's permanent appeal, but if she magnifies its symbolic humanity she also berates the author for his "extraordinary incompetence." "I do most solemnly maintain that Leopold Bloom is one of the greatest creations of all time . . . Marion Bloom . . . in the last forty-two pages becomes one of the most tremendous summations of life that have been caught in the net of art." And she explains why "Ulysses" has been received as a sort of supplementary messianic tablet of the Law: "It is the liberation of a suppressed tendency." Well! each generation to its taste, and the next generation may find this Gargantuan "liberation" of the oppressions and inhibitions too encyclopaedic.

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The flow of Miss West's critical observations is agreeably diversified by her retrospections, descriptions, and perceptions of Paris as she walks down the Rue de Rivoli after visiting her dressmaker and lawyer and buying a copy of "Pomes Penyeach" at Sylvia Beach's workshop. Her descriptive vignettes are charmingly fresh and we are getting on famously till in an unfortunate hour she plunges knee-deep into a quagmire of pseudo-scientific theorizing. Professor Pavlov's "Conditioned Reflexes" and his study of the "investigatory reflexes" of dogs becomes the basis for her examination of "why does art matter?" and of "the mystery of the effects of the artist's activity on other people." One would have thought that nothing was simpler. Take as an example of a work of architectural art, Canterbury Cathedral. How should it not affect us all, in varying degrees? But Miss West is fiercely determined to prove the materialties between the masterpieces of art and letters, of music and architecture and Professor Pavlov's physiological demonstrations. So soon we learn that a "super-cortex" of art exists! But let us quote one of the most luminous passages:

> I find it not hard to believe that the organism, having caused an organ to make itself within us, which is called the cortex, whose business it is to pick out of the whole complexity of the environment those units which are of significance and to integrate those units into an excitatory complex that shall set its instinctive reflexes working, should find itself in consequence over-burdened with experiences created by this organ, which in their crude state are as unprofitable to it as the whole complexity of its environment and its reflexes would be without this organ; and that the organism, being on the whole satisfied with the way the cortex works, causes another to make itself on much the same lines, to perform the same analytic and excitory functions, which shall similarly make experience profitable to the individual.

And there you have it! the way how " 'Ulysses' the product of the excitatory complexes of his time . . . pressing on the individuality which is called James Joyce," so affected the functioning of Miss Rebecca West's "investigatory reflexes" that her "excitatory complex" warned her that if she was "to get on with her biological job of adapting herself to her environment" she "must turn her back utterly on all direct experience and immerse herself in 'Ulysses.' " What could be simpler? Miss West struggles with Professor Pavlov and her materialistic confusions remind us of an enterprising baby with a bucket of tar. Everything round her gets horribly smeared. And from this theory of the "super-cortex of art" and the "excitatory reflexes" we finally, of course, get nothing but a scanty crop of mere commonplaces, such as:—"We have strong grounds for suspecting that art is at least in part a way of collecting information about the universe." What originality! When Miss West drops pseudo-science and the decorticated dogs she gives us good measure, as in her admirable analysis of "Adolphe." On Proust too she is excellent, and she surrenders herself to his super-analytic method with the immense gratitude of a patient whose confidence in the skill of a great surgeon has been fully justified. "He is a god," she repeats. "Never does he fail." And after quoting an apposite passage from Jane Austen she exclaims oracularly "Do not these passages and *thousands like them* make one suspect there is a very close resemblance between art and science, so close that we might say that art is science, only more scientific?"

And here we perceive that Miss West, with the younger generation, dreads above all things being taken in by appearances and by fine sentiments. So

Illustration from Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York," by James Daugherty (Doubleday, Doran).

art must be proved to be more scientific than science if she is to trust to it! And we are only safe in trusting what authors tell us if we accept their words, at the lowest valuation, say at least twenty-five per cent below the estimate of their most sceptical biographers! The lady is not to be taken in. "It is utterly incredible," says Miss West, "that Beethoven, who was a crawling snob, who cheated his publishers, who was false to his friends and benefactors, and behaved like a petulant hysteric in his family affairs, should have built his music on such an experience." How Miss West does dot her i's! But her love of over-emphasis leads her often on to very shaky ground; as when she writes of Joseph Conrad: "Change was his idol. He longed to change himself from a Pole to an Englishman; from an intellectual to a man of action. In his writing he exercised his love of change; he would think a sentence in Polish, change it in his mind to French, change it on paper to English."

The smart journalist pops up repeatedly in Miss West's pronouncements, as when she remarks, "The Great War has not produced, nor seems likely to produce, any art that matters a halfpenny." Has she not heard of Wilfred Owen? Has she ever read his "Poems," 1920, or are they beyond her comprehension? For when she utters the exciting word War, she is apt to become as sentimental as a flapper or as a nurse-maid gazing open-eyed at a red-coated soldier. "A great soldier," she cries, "is one of the few human achievements which make it conceivable that God will sorrow at the cooling of the earth." For this reason, her contemptuous reference to "the soldiers in Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's poetry" is what one expects from writers who were enthusiastically active in the home trenches. Her testimony to Mr. Tomlinson and "Gallions Reach" is grateful and genuine and flows round and round and away from its subject with accomplished facility. Perhaps the best essay—no slight praise—is the one entitled "Mr. Lewis Introduces Gantry." Here Miss West pounces like a hawk on the fundamental weakness of the novel and points out that you cannot be a satirist of religious impostors unless you yourself have a true sense of religion. "If Mr. Lewis would sit still . . .!" says the critic and we dissolve in shouts of laughter. "The Tosh Horse," an indictment of Miss Ethel M. Dell, contains also excellent criticisms and Miss West is most amusing in "Uncle Bennett," a survey of "The Big Four," Wells, Shaw, Galsworthy, and Bennett. Here Sister West's peculiar gift of administering stiff doses of medicine to her ward of literary patients, with a bright, imperious smile, serves her well. It is needless to say that she does not even glance at "Uncle Bennett's" finest creations. She does not mean to, but having patronized and chidden "Uncle Bennett," she then opens the gate.

Miss West's brilliant generalizations on Dostoivsky's theory concerning intellectual *émigrés* are strangely buttressed on the example of the group of Anglo-Irish writers, Sheridan, Wilde, Synge, Shaw, George Moore, and Yeats. "Wild, wild is the *émigré*, the *déraciné*," she exclaims, adding to them as sad proofs of her theory, Henry James and Joseph Conrad! Her tragic examples of those unsuccessful handicapped writers, Sheridan and Mr. Bernard Shaw, she naturally passes by in silence. And as to George Moore's and Yeats' literary futures had they stuck in Dublin, about this Miss West prudently also says nothing. It is also strange, is it not, that that "great work" "Ulysses" should have been created by so eminent an *émigré* as Mr. James Joyce? In fact Dostoievsky's theory, which Miss West discusses with no little acumen, is as badly served by the Anglo-Irish group, called to witness on its behalf, as can well be. But if Miss West cannot get hold of Truth, like a clever advocate she puts the Half Truths into her witness-box and confidently claims a verdict. She is really very clever and her oratorical effects would win over nine stupified juries out of ten. Her concluding essay, "Tribute to Some Minor Artists," a description of her home in the French Riviera, is charming and suggests that she should give her creative spirit more play. If only she had left Professor Pavlov and his 'decorticated dogs' alone!

An American Myth

THE MAKING OF BUFFALO BILL. By RICHARD J. WALSH, in collaboration with MILTON S. SALSBURY. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1928.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO

IT was William F. Cody's fortune to become in his own lifetime a culture-hero and to express in his own person a myth that erected America's heroic age into a ritualistic system. Those of us who can remember gasoline torches flaring on that magnificent white hair while an autochthonous demigod rode grandly round a tent, have seen an Iliad, a Beowulf, a Song of Roland crystallizing before our eyes. For the hazards of the frontier were, during two and a half centuries, the splendid adventure of the American imagination, and the skills and crafts that they developed were our national daydream. The time came when the heroic age must end—when the Indian was beaten and the buffalo killed, when the stage coach and the Pony Express succumbed to progress, when ambush was no longer a peril to the wayfarer—and that is exactly the moment, in all mythologies, when the genius of a people creates a hero in its image. Chance, abetted by sound publicity, selected Cody for a symbol. He became, to the popular mind, the realized essence of the age that had produced such diverse figures as Daniel Boone and Mad Anthony Wayne, William Ashley and Old Gabe Bridger, Merriwether Lewis and Kit Carson—and of the rigorous craft they had practised. Also, displaying the splendor of the old America for hire, he expressed the spirit of the new America and went out to make a fortune.

In the West, in my boyhood, realistic veterans made no secret of Cody's comparative inexperience at the craft he exhibited for pay. Now Mr. Walsh supplies details. That Cody was a splendid shot and better than an average army scout there is no

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question. But in the hectic twilight years of the old West he saw only a small part of the pageant and played in it no remarkable rôle. Stripping off many accretions of the myth-making principle (always ably seconded by professional press-agenting), Mr. Walsh reveals Cody as nearly a bystander, and a belated one, in the great days. His career in the Pony Express, if he had any at all, was that of a handy boy around the home office. His Indian fighting, though spectacular enough, was limited chiefly to two years with one regiment, and was interrupted by an engagement on the stage. Compared with a man like Bridger, he was wholly ignorant of Indian warfare and unacquainted with Indian ways. The "Honorable" prefixed to his name signified an election *in absentia*, and the "Colonel" represented an appointment to a Governor's staff. He was never "Chief of Scouts of the United States Army," but only head scout of one regiment. Even his great buffalo-killing exploit, whence his name, was not in the service of the Union Pacific but of the Kansas Pacific, its subsidiary.

But Mr. Walsh makes adequately glamorous the figure who emerges from this drastic demolition. He writes well and unobtrusively, and one follows Cody's unbelievably spectacular career as a showman with persistent interest. He became, with the assistance of his managers and his faithful publicity man, as great an exhibitor as the nation has produced. More, though the West was tamed, Bill's show was on the level. The Western crafts may have been prostituted, but they remained crafts: the snide devices of contemporary "rodeos" with trained buckers, rehearsed steers, and arranged spectacles would have been loathsome in Bill's eyes. He gave what he advertised and gave it straight. As the story progresses, one sees that this genuineness betrayed him in a degenerating and adulterating land. There was too much of the older day in Bill, too much generosity, too much kindness, too much magnificence, and the last pages of Mr. Walsh's very excellent book express a tragedy.

* * *

Only, one must not be betrayed by one's inevitable affection for Bill Cody. He was, truly, a figure not so much of tragedy as of bitter farce. America had created those skills and crafts that he exhibited, and had used them if not nobly at least worthily. Hundreds of good men are buried namelessly under sagebrush, who made possible Cody's familiarity with Victoria and the Prince of Wales. The marksmanship that kept Kit Carson's scalp securely on his own head became something that broke glass balls above an acre of emptily marveling faces. The empirical knowledge of the wilderness and of Indians, by which such men as Jedediah Smith and Jim Bridger duly preserved their lives, became something that competed with trained seals and with raucous harlots in cotton tights shocking a tamed countryside. So with all the quiet excellence of the old West, with the whole adventurous mode of life that enabled men to subdue a hostile desert—debauched, all of it, for the profitable exhilaration of the boobs. Or, what is no worthier, for the wish-fulfillment of men who would never be in danger of scalping. One does not blame Bill Cody for the obscenity: the century in America systematically corrupted all of its decencies. But without blaming him, one finds no fault with the destiny that has decreed his permanent identification with Phineas Taylor Barnum.

Paradise Enow?

VASCO. By MARC CHADOURNE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co 1928. $2.50

THE history of South Sea literature is long and honorable; the books in many languages and manners which have had for subject or background the islands of the Pacific are innumerable and their chronicle as yet unwritten. From scientific works of the greatest value to the scenario of the latest super-special film there has been no lack of authors to deal with them, nor of interest in them on the part of the public. M. Chadourne's character study reaches us at a moment when the fashion in palm-trees has temporarily shifted to realms as far distant as Arabia and Africa. The literary south-sea bubble of a few years ago has, if not precisely burst, at least considerably shrunk. Yet there is a solid quality about the work of this Frenchman, which has been well preserved in the translation of Eric Sutton, which may set it above the variations of popular favor.

In the first place, "Vasco" depends largely upon portrayal of character for its effectiveness, while the atmosphere of Tahiti is an all-pervasive but secondary element of the book. M. Chadourne's hero is the man who is forever wanting to break away from the things he knows, to seek some unknown and paradisiac desert isle. The sole difference between his Vasco and most of the rest of mankind is that he is permitted to make the search for his isle with unusual thoroughness—only to find, as many others have, that he is too late. Tahiti has been spoiled by civilization, and it is no longer possible to play at life beneath a palm-tree, *à la* Gauguin. Under the influence of a fantastic and somewhat unbelievable personage called Plessis, he then embraces native habits and retires to a more distant island. Involved financially from the beginning, he is soon equally involved in a very pretty native murder case. Released, he goes yet deeper into the unknown, to an island inhabited only by lepers. The priest who cares for them is ill; he must return to France or die. Vasco perceives that he has been called to take his place, and after a long struggle with himself makes his offer to the priest, and the matter is arranged—but at the last minute his resolution fails him and he returns to France. This is the crux of the book and a situation of great power, well treated. At his last appearance Vasco is seen setting out again, unable to stay at home, unable to endure the islands—a broken and restless spirit.

"Vasco" is an enigmatic, puzzling book, particularly in its presentation of Plessis, who seems to be under some special curse, after the fashion of the Flying Dutchman, which he bestows on others. The merits of M. Chadourne's style are considerable. His descriptions are lacking in romance and equally devoid of sensational realistic details. They are sober accounts of what the author saw when he lived in the islands, prevading the whole book with an air of genuineness. The defects are largely in the awkwardness of the narrative, which appears to be excessively indirect and complicated at times. M. Chadourne is a journalist of some experience, but "Vasco" is his first published novel. It appeared originally in the strongly pro-Catholic series, "Le Roseau d'Or," in spite of the fact that Vasco's conversion to faith appears to have been decidedly temporary. Ford Madox Ford has provided the book with an amiable but not particularly pointed foreword.

Chronicle of a Woman's Life

THERESA. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

A LONG and honorable career in letters does not appear to have mellowed Arthur Schnitzler. His first novel of any length in over twenty years differs only in the number of its pages from the cynical and detached case-histories which have of recent years made his name familiar in the United States. There is perhaps less wit in his new book than usual, but save in his plays he has seldom relied much upon his ability for mental gymnastics, and there has never been obvious humor in his work. Perhaps the sole signs of age are visible in a slight insistence upon the youth of his characters, and their horror of growing old. The setting, too, is so lovingly treated that not only do Salzburg and Vienna of the turn of the century live again briefly, but one actually feels something like emotion beneath the description.

However fond he may be of the qualities and places that are fading from him, Schnitzler is no more sympathetic than of old to humanity in general. "Theresa" is to him simply an exceptionally interesting case, exhibiting all the expected symptoms to the fullest degree, in the disease of existence in which he is a specialist. Her history has an immemorial quality, intensified by the calm skill of the narrator. One seems to have heard it all before, and knows, as she proceeds on her never really hopeful way, what the end will be, but the formula is so commonplace that it seems new. Schnitzler begins at the beginning of his heroine's existence and continues slowly to the end, producing abundant documentation, but pausing at only the rarest intervals to underline or emphasize a happening, as some great surgeon performing an autopsy before students of whose knowledge and intelligence he is sure might pause only to indicate an unusually well-developed feature of the infection.

Theresa, born the daughter of an Austrian officer and a Hungarian baroness, is first revealed in contact with the serious problem of her father's madness. Her mother subsequently becomes scarcely less erratic, though remaining all the while (O Irony!) a remarkably successful novelist. Theresa, throwing away her chances of marriage, is left to herself in the scarcely virginal atmosphere of a garrison town. The inevitable seduction which follows does not appear to have made any definite impression on her, for as soon as she is established in Vienna as a governess, she is involved in several more affairs, never losing her heart any too completely. The vicissitudes of her various "places," none of which she holds for long, occupy several years, until at length in an almost absent-minded way she discovers she is about to have a child. To this point the book is very like Dreiser without the crudities or incoherencies, but as her child grows up the emphasis shifts, and it becomes merely a question of how long the author can keep his heroine alive. The drab color of her career is unbroken. Even when she is engaged to a wealthy merchant, it is quite certain that she will not succeed in marrying him, though it requires a *coup de théâtre* to carry him off. The son grows up a scoundrel, her brother curses her as a lost woman, her penury increases, and finally the son murders her. Which is the history of Theresa Fabiani.

Though there is hardly a scene or an element in the book not essentially sordid and depressing, used innumerable times in the realistic novels and plays of another epoch, the book as a whole achieves lightness of tone. This paradox is easily explained by Schnitzler's style and viewpoint. The reader is always an immense distance above Theresa and her affairs, looking down as if from some comfortable and insensible heaven upon the petty activities of mankind. How far removed we are—and yet how familiar it all seems! The manner of the tale is dry, hard, and almost jocular in moments of stress. There is no pity, of course; no taking of sides; nothing but a succession of deft touches building up the central character until the fully explained Theresa is ready to die. It is superb observation and reporting. The small traits which tally as they never do in a real case, such as Freud reports, are never too conspicuous, yet nothing is left out, nothing glossed over, very little that is extraneous admitted. Schnitzler's subtitle is exact: this is, in truth, the chronicle of a woman's life. In so far as possible it is reality set in words, no less—and no more.

New Lamps for Old

(*Continued from page* 333)

snare themselves in their own terms, and yet the scientific jargon which proves in twenty pages what Shakespeare put into three lines, is nevertheless a new way of estimating traits by yard-stick measure. We cannot help taking their way of looking at human nature. Advertisements, newspapers, the stage, literature itself, all prove it. And the result will be new "characters," not eccentric with the old eccentricity now become difficult in an electric-lit world, but just as typical and equally susceptible of art.

Falstaff—but no, Falstaff rises too high into universal wisdom to be called an eccentric—but Justice Shallow, certainly, has gone probably forever, but the psychic maladjustment humorously or tragically—and in any case wisely considered—is here.

Rudyard Kipling has finally yielded to the persuasions of the screen producers and consented to supervise a film. The British Empire Marketing Board has enlisted his assistance in the preparation of a picture which is to be part of the Board's propaganda. It will deal in dramatic fashion with Empire relations, and will be shown as part of the ordinary programmes of the motion-picture houses.

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The Bowling Green

A Letter to Leonora

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THERE was a lady called Leonora—"formerly a celebrated beauty, and still a very lovely woman"—who was immortally and tenderly chaffed by Mr. Addison more than 200 years ago—in 1711, to be exact—for the books he found in her library. If you turn back to your *Spectator* papers—there's no turning that will give you more fun—you'll find the graceful little essay, "A Lady's Library." Addison pretends that his friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, had asked him to deliver a letter to this agreeable blue stocking, and while he was waiting for her to finish her toilet he had a chance to make a list of her books. What an enchanting list it is, full of affection for Leonora herself and yet with a dainty satire in the catalogue of the things she was reading. To appreciate to the full all the little jokes lurking in that list requires some knowledge of eighteenth and seventeenth century literature; but no one can miss the pleasant innuendo of some of the items—"*Locke on the Human Understanding;* with a paper of patches in it," and "*Clelia:* which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower." I have so often thought what fun it would be to compile a similar list for a twentieth century Leonora, setting side by side with each of Addison's titles the correlative book for our present mode. Instead of Locke, it would of course be Will Durant, or even—dare I hope so high?—George Santayana. Instead of *Clelia,* probably Mr. Arlen or Mr. Hemingway. Instead of Culpepper's *Midwifery* it would be perhaps something by Mrs. Sanger; and the corresponding item for the *Instructions for Country Dances* would be, undoubtedly, *What'll We Do Now?* or a Crossword Puzzle Book.

But I refrain. There is no greater fun than making up lists of books, yet whether by caution or by selfishness, one tends to grow more secret in such matters. For there are—one might as well admit it—some books one is so fond of that one almost resents anyone else except a very few intimates finding them out. And it is never fair to deprive people of the joy of discovering things for themselves.

But the importance of Addison's little causerie about Leonora lies in this: that we can see that the reading done by persons of quality in 1711 tended to be just as much a matter of fashion and reclame as it does to-day. Addison remarks of Leonora's books that "there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together either because she had heard them praised or because she had seen the authors of them."—Surely this latter seems an almost morbid reason!—And if I were writing a letter to Leonora of to-day, the one thing I should urge her, would be to be a little more of an explorer; to be a little less fashionable; to buy more of the books of which fewer people have heard.

Did it ever occur to you how complex the bookseller's task is? He must be ready to supply you with all the newest things, but also—unlike almost every other vendor—he must make a stand for the old. One customer will be indignant if he cannot obtain the latest Anita Loos; another even more so if there is not available a volume of Walter Pater or Landor. So the bookseller has to combine the functions of the bar-room and the bodega. He must be able to serve, on demand, not only the cocktail of the moment but also the scarcest of old vintages. How rare is the publican who understands the merits of both.

The particular privilege of the bookseller lies in the fact that the people who find their way into his shop are inevitably interesting. Even the most ill-humored visitor seeking the most banal book is at least in some inchoate mood of enlargement, of curiosity, of hope to extend the boundaries of experience and surmise. Reading is perhaps the supreme egotism, for it is done mostly alone and for the purpose of comparing our own secret life with that of others. So you may feel assured that no one ever entered a bookstore without having in his soul some fertilizable granule of human possibility.

If I were writing to Leonora I would not speak sentimentally about books, for she could easily find in a hundred or a thousand charming volumes the tender spirit of the ink-amorist's passion. What is on my mind at the moment is the fact that the bookstore is one of humanity's great engines, and one that we use very imperfectly. It is a queer fact that whereas most of us have learned the secret of going to libraries not so much in search of some particular book, but just to look round and see what happens to be there, we still have the primitive habit of visiting bookshops chiefly to ask for some definite title. Aren't we ever going to leave anything to destiny, or to good luck, or to the happy suggestion of some wise bookseller? Too many of our dealings with bookstores remind me, in their innocent ineffectiveness, of children learning to play the piano. I hear their happy ploiterings among the keys, their little tunes and exercises ring in my head in times of softened mood reminding me of all the lovely unfinished melodies of life. But it isn't what a connoisseur would call music. And similarly we all have ready to our access, in the bookshop, one of the greatest instruments of civilization; and yet none of us—neither publishers, booksellers, nor customers—have yet learned more than an inkling of what that place can accomplish.

Booksellers, and rightly, are always shy of being too forward with their patrons. Every bookseller knows that his customers are usually of two kinds: those who need help, and those who prefer—or insist on—being left alone. When I was very fresh from college and worked in a bookstore during several Christmas seasons, I was hell-bent to persuade customers toward things that had excited *me.* Two of the distinguished and regular customers of that store were Josiah Royce, the philosopher, and Miss Amy Lowell. I well remember the air of pain with which they regarded me when I ventured to tell them about some book or other. I think it was Vachel Lindsay's *General William Booth,* then just published. Professor Royce's anxious and peering evasion, Miss Lowell's heartily arrogant "Thank you, I don't need *your* assistance," were undoubtedly quite justified. It was an impertinence. Yet even they, philosopher and poet, might conceivably have learned something from the enthusiastic young salesman. For the true book lover preserves his humility: among those full shelves there will always be much to remind us of our minority. So with more affection I remember a gracious damsel in black who used to come in every year and ask me to suggest her Christmas presents for her. What delightful colloquy we had, particularly in that corner where the Mosher books were kept! And the dear old lady who agreed to read some special favorite of mine—I forgot what—if I in turn would read May Sinclair's *Divine Fire,* which she bought and gave me . . . Do you realize, I wonder, what good soil for rich human relationships a bookstore is? I should like Leonora to have the feeling that in entering a bookstore she is entering a place where almost anything can happen—and has. She must keep an eye open for rear-ward shelves and odd corners; for often the most important books are shy, and do not press forward to the front counters.

Of course reading is of many kinds; there is reading for stimulus, there is reading for anaesthetic. No one would be silly enough to confuse those two functions. The narcotic value of the detective story is not less to be esteemed than the intellectual voltage of—say—Paul Valéry. The wise amateur recognizes all potations in their due service, just as the acolyte of Silenus may suggest Old Fashioned Cocktails to numb a pain and Musigny 1915 to promote a delicately heightened perception of earth's loveliness. But one of the truisms about books is this: that the things you have heard since childhood were great, really *are* great. They do not, like a cheap champagne, go dead after ten or fifteen years. One of my happiest adventures lately was lending Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley to a young stenographer in the office of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* When she brought it back her eyes were distended, her speech almost incohesive with delight. "I didn't know that people could write like that!" she cried. "Tell me something else that's as good." A young business man of my acquaintance, a Harvard graduate, admitted privily that reading was something that had always been rather a disappointment to him: he wanted a book that would really give him "a kick." Greatly daring I tried *Dreamthorp* on him; the result was identical. They both now cry for another dose of the same sort of medicine; not so easy to provide, but I now waver between *The Opium Eater* and *Sirenica.*

One has to struggle hard against one's impulse to make out lists of suggestions for our modern Leonora. But that, after all, is not our purpose. We want Leonora to go pioneering on her own hook. Gonzalo, in *The Tempest,* is said to have made a quick choice of favorite books for Duke Prospero to read on the desert island—probably the beginning of the old gag of what books one would choose to be marooned with in the South Seas—but no list is given nor are we told whether there were any selected for Miranda. I got as far as sitting down on the floor beside a favorite bookcase and began jotting down a few titles at random but balancing such things as *Marius the Epicurean* against the poems of Emily Dickinson I gave up. After all I don't know Leonora, even by glimpse, I have no notion what private o'ergrowth of complexion—so did Shakespeare first christen what we nowadays call a complex—may condition her lively mind. But when one is weary of writing about books—for they are only of import in so far as they help us to live life itself more boldly and generously—then one thinks of the moment when some young high school girl, some eager college boy, some fashionable young matron, find their ways for the first time into some book of genuine truth and beauty, see the world momentarily anew and feel the glow of that immortal heat when we know ourselves collaborators with Destiny in the endless fashioning of life. What does it matter in what particular volume they first encounter that moment of millennium? It may be some little Everyman copy of *Walden,* some play like Ibsen's *Wild Duck,* some liberalizing essayist like Matthew Arnold, or some marvellous old-timer like Thomas Fuller—hard to find, but worth search. I myself believe that Leonora should certainly have on her private shelf one of those rich and suggestive little anthologies about books and reading that give one a start down so many rewarding trails. There are many such: Broadus's *Books and Ideals,* published for a few cents by the Oxford Press is one; Ludwig Lewisohn's *A Modern Book of Criticism,* in the Modern Library, is another, of which a very modern young woman said to me that it was the first thing she ever read that showed her that literature was not just something on paper, but the very tissue of life itself. Hugh Walpole's charming little book on Reading is still another; but they are endless.

In the unalterable selfishness of life, concerned with my own affairs, you see I don't really much care what Leonora reads, or whether at all. But it might mean a huge deal to her whether or not she ever experiences those millennial moments. I know a man who turned a corner in life when, with the Warden's permission, he brought away with him after a jail sentence two or three books from the prison library that had meant much to him during a dark time. These books, still marked with the prison rubber stamp, hold a place of pride on his shelves. He is not at all ashamed of them, and I honor him for it.

The truth probably is that in the matter of stumbling upon the books we most need, and very often don't know we need, we all require help. And better than all the help the mandarins of letters can give us is what a great and well-stocked store does in simply having the books there. So the best I could do for Leonora—and for Leonardo too—is to try to inoculate them with the bookstore habit, dropping in and browsing 'round and asking questions. And when I hear that Leonora has bought a book not because she had heard of it—or seen the author—but because she had *never* heard of it and it looked interesting, I shall know how she's grown since 1711. She must be getting a Big Girl now, bless her heart!

For after all, bookstores are places of magic, and people have often worked pretty hard to put there, on shelves or tables, those little paper bricks. As Ruskin said, speaking of the writer and his book—

> This is the place of true knowledge which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock if he could; saying "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, drank and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.

It is the books of which those fine words may be said that the great bookstores of the world keep alive and waiting for Leonora. It is up to Leonora to find them. Sometimes I think she hardly guesses what fun, what pangs, what strange discoveries, are waiting for her.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Balanced Life

EVERY well-informed, well-endowed, and well-intentioned adult wishes to live more usefully and therefore more happily, more skilfully and therefore more pleasantly. This depends upon living intelligently until the result is the much desired balanced life.

By a "balanced" life we usually mean one in which the physical and mental activities are nicely balanced, a life that also exhibits a good balance between the serious and the frivolous, between its work and its play. Both of these balances are of indubitable importance in the kind of life which is most apt to succeed, most apt to be happy, and least liable to breaks in progress, let alone serious maladaptations. The other things that my experience has taught me to rank as of at least equal importance with physical health, work, and play, are rest, leisure, and contemplation. If these activities are in mutual equipoise and are pursued, each one, with intelligent technique, the result, according to my observations, is a balanced life, progressive, successful, and happy.

Work is obviously the first essential of a satisfactory life because it is usefulness, and usefulness is not only what civilization demands of its members, but it is also the only way in which that insistent drive to be of importance to our fellow man can be constructively and happily satisfied. Work is effort guided toward an objective, and to be satisfying it must not only be measurably successful in attaining the objective, but the objective itself must meet with the worker's approval. Whether work is in itself pleasant or unpleasant, difficult or easy, is beside the point, these are all widely varying secondary characteristics of it, but its essential characteristic is objectiveness, objectiveness to which the worker holds himself responsible. Work is marked above all things by responsibility. It is responsible striving for an approved end that differentiates work from play, from rest, or any other activity, and which makes it the nucleus and *raison d'être* of a civilized life. Like art then it must have its objective, approved by the artist, and in service of this objective, its technique.

The more nearly and obviously these two items are associated the better. For instance, in the profession of nursing, the immediate object of relieving the pain of the patient is precisely the same as the general object of relieving suffering in general. The immediate object is in this case identical with the general, a little piece of it in fact, and both the immediate and the general object are so closely connected with every smallest step of the technique that there is little likelihood of the worker losing sight of the objective; nor of the technique becoming an end in itself. In contrast, how much more difficult it is to keep the ethical objective of a complicated, prolonged, and often harassing business clearly before the mind and so prevent the technique, which involves so much of dollars and cents, from becoming an object in itself! I should say that the first and most important, and often most difficult step in developing the best technique of work is to define clearly its object and, in so defining it, to determine, without compromise whether it is a satisfactory one or not. As an obvious example, is the object of the ancient profession of stealing satisfactory, or is that of bootlegging better or worse? Is the objective of digging ditches, or that of manufacturing arm chairs, or of lending money to individuals or industries, preferable? The technique of selling may be precisely the same whether one is selling something useful and beneficial to the purchaser or something useless and harmful, but the object in each case is totally different. One objective would satisfy, the other would either have to be hidden from the public and disguised from oneself, or acknowledged with dissatisfaction if not with shame.

Keeping clear the ultimate as well as the immediate object of work also insures the efficiency as well as the efficacy of effort, for the technique of any job must be appropriate first and foremost to its immediate, and then to its ultimate objective.

For instance, if your object is to drive a nail you pick an appropriate tool,—a hammer, and use it according to a technique which has proved successful in driving nails. And if the purpose of your work is the advancement of science, or good of mankind, the formulation of that purpose and keeping it clear in spite of threatened confusion, will go far toward guiding efforts and keeping them from being sidetracked by some irrelevant emotional impulse. If you are not on watch, a strong desire for self-expression or an impulse of self-protection may creep in and supplant the original purpose of the job. If this happens it will sooner or later affect the technique disastrously, for such errant impulses obviously require for themselves a very different technique from that of the job.

To have regular habits of work and to have office hours set exclusively for work, is essential to the highest type of professional accomplishment. It is not, as the amateur esthete would have us believe, a stultifying bondage. He scorns regularity and depends on what he calls "inspiration." He must feel like work before he can work. He confesses, albeit with pride, that he is unable to work unless his emotions are in such and such a state, unless the weather is thus and so, unless his senses are stimulated or soothed by this or that; in short, he confesses to a rigid bondage of limitations, and, worse than that, accepts no responsibility whatever towards them. Emotions being totally unreliable and irregular, he, being totally dependent upon them, is likewise totally unreliable and irregular. The intelligently regulated life of the professional, on the contrary, knows no such limitations. He holds himself responsible for using his technical ability when, and how, he chooses, and he has chosen to work at such times as best suit his needs. The working hour comes and he works. Repetition produces habit and the result is he gets full benefit from the momentum of rhythm in his working life as well as always greater power to work and work well despite contrary emotional weather. This developed and habitual ability to work stands him in good stead, for even though his emotions on occasions happen not to be particularly suitable or agreeable just before he works, they, too, are subject to habit, and after he begins to work they, too, fall into working order; whereas, on those rare days when his emotions happen to be especially finely tuned to the job, he gets a quality and strength of inspiration which the amateur could never know or, even if he knew, could never possess the technical ability to use fully. The professional, then, whose work is planned and regular, produces better work, and, in the long run, a much greater quantity of work, than the irregularly living, and irregularly working amateur.

The very practical importance of both purpose and technique is brought out very clearly, when they are given due consideration, in the process of selecting among all the possibilities what is to be the work of one's life. Many are driven by necessity to take whatever presents itself as a means of livelihood, but later on, often even they may find opportunity to exercise choice. Whether it be the first opportunity or the last, wherever there is choice, the first matter to settle is which of all these possible jobs is from the purposive point of view the most satisfactory. The ultimate purpose of this one is to grow rich, of this one to gain power of another sort, of that one to be of service to mankind in this or that way. First, which of these purposes satisfies your ideal of service for yourself? Perhaps, and most probably, several do and several do not. Those that do not are then eliminated and you have to choose between those jobs which have successfully met your first test — of purpose. Let us suppose there are four or five which have survived. Eliminate those for which you feel your particular abilities unsuited or for which you have good reason to believe your personal make-up is unsuitable. Choose among the surviving jobs those to which you feel yourself particularly suited, both emotionally and in terms of potential or already developed technical ability. Let us now suppose that the choice has narrowed down to two or three jobs, each satisfactory as to purpose, each equally suitable to one's personality and ability. All other things being equal, one would naturally choose the most available. By available, I mean not only geographically available, but socially and economically as well,—the one, in short, requiring the least monetary, social, or personal sacrifice on the part of any one concerned. But suppose all these points have been settled and there still remains a choice, then there is a very important matter, partly of suitability, partly of efficiency, partly of pleasure, still to be considered most carefully and respectfully, for upon it the whole issue may hang. It is this,—what kind of a personal, intimately personal, life does this job offer? Do I prefer to live in a city where I can have this or that and where I must do thus and so, or in the country? Does this job, within itself, bring me more in contact with books, with apparatus, or with human lives, and which of these do I like the most? With this job as the working nucleus of life, what about the rest of life? Does it, with its hours and places of work, afford the opportunity of playing, as I like to play, of taking excursions into the unreal and ideal, such as concerts, picture galleries, or other hobbies of mine of that sort? And last but not least, does this or that job offer companionship in work? Will my fellow workers be satisfactory companions in arms? Of the jobs surviving the first test, then choose the one which as nearly as you can tell satisfies and pleases you emotionally, socially, and personally. In short, choose the job which affords the kind of life you like, and want to live, in terms not only of work but also of play, rest, leisure, and, last but not least, of companionship.

If work is essential to a useful and therefore happy life, so is play, for without it, life would not be balanced and could not in the long run be either as productive or as happy. To work for an ultimate objective, the fruition of which cannot occur within the span of one's life, does not come naturally or easily to man. Responsibility is an acquired attitude. To hold oneself responsible for the welfare of others rather than to seek one's own selfish salvation is, to say the least, a very difficult attitude to acquire and, at best, can become only semi-habitual. Every child, under the discipline of school, needs a recess; every soldier, under the discipline of the army, needs his furloughs. Man must have periods when he is unharnessed from his responsibilities, when he can express his natural primitive self spontaneously and with as little restraint of discipline as the welfare of his fellows may permit.

Play functions, as I understand it, as unresponsible effort, effort that is expended for the very pleasure of expending it. It is activity without any ulterior purpose, its only object being the pleasure it gives to the player. Men who have not confessed but actually boasted to me that they have taken no vacation for ten years or even twenty, have pridefully explained that they took so much pleasure in their work that it was play and that, therefore, they needed no vacation. These very men, however, were invariably suffering from lack of play, as manifested by the dead level of their seriousness, their tenseness in their emotional staleness. They took not only their jobs but themselves too seriously; they were so constantly responsible that their seriousness and their responsibility overshadowed their whole lives, choked their spontaneity, crushed out the thousand and one little pleasant, assuaging, intimate, and playful things which give life grace and ease and beauty, and under this unconsciously accumulating and unrelieved burden they had broken down. Their plight had become ultimately the same as that of some others who tried to make play, to the exclusion of work, the whole of life. Unbalance in their case was the cause of failure. The exclusive players had finally made work of play and failed; the exclusive workers had thought they had made play of work and they failed. Both had failed to continue to succeed. There can, of course, be play in work, in so far as the process of work may be and often is pleasurable in itself. The successful expenditure of energy always does give pleasure. But the processes of work, no matter how pleasant, are always overshadowed by responsibility, are always aimed toward the yet unattained objective, and therefore, always bear in themselves some degree of anxiety, some degree of doubt as to the outcome, some of the impatience perhaps which every traveler on the road experiences, and work is therefore always fraught with some of the emotional strain with which man must react to responsibility.

Play, unlike work, must not be too closely regulated lest it become like work. The opportunity for play, of course, should be planned for, because

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by Austen Riggs, M. D.

if it is not part of the scheme of life it will be crowded out by those extra side issues related to the daily routine, especially to work, which are so apt to present themselves as new opportunities for more work and which are always created by the natural outcome of succesful work. In modern times this is particularly true, for the great temptation of the modern worker is to try to do five days work in one. Ambition, competition, as well as the numberless mechanical helps of modern life which have well nigh eliminated space and have cut the time element at least in two, contribute enormously to this temptation. These siren opportunities call and the worker, especially the young worker, answers. He is elastic, has great reserves of strength and accomplishes the extra tasks with success, with great satisfaction, and without any apparent ill effects. He is young, he absorbs the strain, and he thinks of play, if he thinks of it at all, as merely postponed until this or that task has been accomplished. The next extra task of the endless series, however, soon overlaps the old one and so it goes on. Being young, it is all right for a time, but being a creature of habit, he unfortunately gets used to the abnormal playless life, and the results of such a life being slow to make themselves felt, particularly in the presence of ever growing satisfaction and ever increasing ambition, it is not till some gross failure of his physical apparatus or a serious mental or emotional reaction commands attention that the apparently upward, but really downward, course is checked. I believe it is largely because in this country we are production crazy, worshipping quantity rather than quality, and therefore having relatively no interest in play except when it can be made to yield more opportunity, that so many of our men are not only old but ancient at fifty. If a man had played as hard as the average "successful" American works, if he had played as immoderately or eaten or smoked or drunk as immoderately, we would not wonder at his being a wreck at fifty. There is even less wonder that the immoderate and playless worker is so often a burnt out candle at middle age. It is rather a greater wonder that he is not always dead by then.

* * *

Play is as much a necessity of normal life as sugar is necessary to a normal diet. It cannot be postponed for a decade and then taken up, for it is a daily necessity. One cannot eat only meat for one month, bread for another, and only sweets the third, and call it a balanced diet, let alone expect thereby to maintain normal digestion and nutrition; yet, men often plan to work hard and exclusively till, say fifty or sixty, and then to retire and play the rest of their lives. It is a pitiful mistake they make, for when they retire they find that the sole ability they have left is to work,—the one they have exercised all their lives, and that their ability to play, so long neglected, has left them for good and all. The so-called "play" they attempt is just work in another form; they feel they ought to play, they have earned the right to play, they must play, but still they cannot. It has become to them a lost art. It has never been part of their daily working life, it has never had its proper place in the weekly, let alone yearly plan, and now when it has the field all to itself it is a paralyzed function. It would have been the same had they played all their lives till fifty or sixty and then tried to live on work exclusively. Work would have become a lost art. The fact is, one must go to school to play hookey, one must be a worker to play properly, and equally one must play to work properly. Work and play together balance life, one feeds the other. They are mutually necessary, neither can be neglected for long in favor of the other without causing serious unbalance and, furthermore, finally destroying the other.

There is a popular belief that people "break down nervously" exclusively because of too much play and too little or no work. This is a prejudice, and like most prejudices, is based on ignorance. As a matter of fact, in such cases the unbalance is almost always in favor of work. In my own experience, for instance, there have been some thirty exclusive workers who have broken down to every one non-working player, and it has always clearly been the unbalance between work and play that has done the mischief.

There is a very important characteristic of play which is shared with art. Each is a jealous mistress. Wherefore time, when it is given to play, must be given wholeheartedly and exclusively. No hedging is allowable. To seek even a little profit or a little gain ulterior to play will ruin it. The man who tries to profit by his play is a professional player, for that profit inevitably becomes a motive whether he plays baseball, tennis, cards, or golf. The man who in no way intends to be a professional player and yet tries to sneak in a bit of profit is just foolish, for he fools himself into losing the one profit he needs—refreshment.

* * *

Play is an item that one finds neglected even more in the average woman's life than in the average man's. The married woman's work is outwardly so apparently unlike work, being so intimately connected with social activities and with the play as well as the work of the children, that her need of vacation is only rarely recognized. The average family goes on its vacation or perhaps it would be more accurate to say on the man's vacation. He leaves his office behind him, he enjoys not only a change of scene and social contact, but a total relief from the daily effort and responsibility of his job. The children are out of school, and under the best natural conditions give themselves up to play pure and simple. On the other hand, a woman simply transfers her job from one locus to another; the husband's comfort and indeed his vacation enjoyment are part of her job. She still has him as a responsibility and as an important objective of her daily efforts. She still has the children's health, pleasure, and safety to watch over just as she did at home. Housekeeping is the same old grind. That is another unchanged part of her job, unchanged save that now she has to do it under greater difficulties than she did in the city. In short, the family vacation is splendid for every single member except herself and for her in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, not a vacation at all, just a change of scenery. On the other hand, she, because of the very nature of her job which is constant duty made up of numberless and nameless details without office hours and subject to many other peoples' more or less inevitable wants and demands, needs a vacation more than the man with his well-regulated hours and strict closing time. It is all very well to say that women could, and should, regulate their work so as to have office hours, time off for rest, etc. True, but the fact remains that the vast majority of women do not and many cannot so regulate their jobs, and even if they did, they would still be at least in as great need of regular vacations as their husbands. Unless the family plans definitely include a vacation, apart from the family, for the woman, and unless she also sees to it that her daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly allowance of play and rest is maintained, she will follow the usual routine of plugging away till she gets too tired, too stale to be able to play. Frequently, it is only then that her necessity is recognized and, instead of an enjoyable, youth-conserving vacation, she has to take an enforced, none too agreeable, none too satisfactory substitute—some sort of a rest cure. Instead of the refreshment and play she so much needed she gets "built up," somewhat rested, and goes back to her job again only to repeat the same old cycle.

* * *

Rest is a part, or if you please, an activity of life which is in contrast both to work and play. It is totally unlike both of them in that it is characterized by the absence of voluntary effort. Indeed, it is the very antithesis of both, and particularly different from work, being marked by a total absence of responsibility. Neither physiologically nor mentally is it inactivity, for all of the functions of the body go on quite busily during rest. Even during sleep, this is true, and, even in that state, the mind continues to function. Complete rest is a sort of irresponsible automatic functioning of the mind-body machine, characterized by the absence of voluntary movements and of any effort to control either the body or the stream of thought. In rest the body is relaxed and the mind wanders, that is, it dreams. At certain times, unless interfered with, this condition turns automatically into sleep. The resting person never suffers from insomnia. Regularly recurring, irresponsible rest is as necessary to bodily and mental health, as is regulated and purposive activity. One of the most important functions of play is to prepare the worker for rest by relieving those combinations of higher brain centres, which have been employed in work, by using totally different ones. Every living animal, especially that strenuous animal man, must have sufficient rest in every twenty-four hours to reëstablish equilibrium between waste and repair. The amount of rest required by each individual varies, but the average working man or woman with an output, say, of eight hours work needs nearly, if not quite, that amount of rest every twenty-four hours. It need not all be in sleep, for in this requirement normal people vary greatly, but about that amount of time free from responsibilities and voluntary exertion seems to be a necessary allowance if life and health and usefulness are to be measured in decades rather than in days or weeks. This I have found to be the average need, but it varies not only with the quantity of work done but, also, and most markedly, with the quality of the rest obtained. Some people take an hour or two to begin resting, others rest at once, as soon indeed as the harness of work drops off. This is largely a matter of technique. Some people do not know how to rest, others do. Those who do not, may easily learn the art. Suffice it to say here that this art depends, in the first place, upon understanding what rest is and then giving oneself absolutely up to it without thought of profiting in any other way during the time given to it. Like play, rest is jealous. If you have given a time to it, do not attempt to inject amusement or anything else into that time. "Write" the time "off," as a book-keeper might say. Give yourself completely to rest and let it take care of you. Leisure and contemplation, as extensions of rest, must wait for a fuller discussion.

* * *

It is clear that mental hygiene would be meaningless if disconnected from an ethical purpose. If happiness is a by-product following in the wake of successful adaptation to life, as experience teaches us it is, then the success in this process and consequently also the degree of happiness attained depends on just how much the individual has chosen objectives in words and balanced his purposes with play and rest. It has been my experience, that happiness, besides being a joyous by-product of such success, is a very definite and reliable symptom of mental health. Pleasure, of course, is another matter.

Experience in teaching mental hygiene, however, has convinced me that this ethical aspect has suffered a relative neglect in many of the present methods of instruction. Very likely this has been a necessary imperfection due to its youth as a science and the apparently pressing necessity, in each case, of applying a specific and detailed technique to overcome the immediate difficulty or disability presented by the case. However that may be, it seems to me that both teachers and pupils, doctors and patients, have paid relatively too much attention to the detail of reconstructive or preventive technique and too little to the main object of their efforts. Restoration of ability to serve, not relief of symptoms, is clearly the main objective of mental as well as physical hygiene. I have found, in my own teaching that, without this ethical objective, mental hygiene, as such, almost invariably fails to cure even symptoms.

Dr. Austen Fox Riggs, "the beloved physician," is the founder and President of the Austen Riggs Foundation, Inc., for the free treatment of psychoneurotic patients without means, and a specialist in the practive of neuro-psychiatry. He maintains in the Berkshires also a sanitarium where under his ministrations many a woman of wealth and man of large affairs who have suffered breakdowns from neglect of the precepts he sets forth in the foregoing article have been restored to health. It has won a wide reputation not only through the medical aid it has rendered, but because of the personality of its head. Dr. Riggs served with the Red Cross during the War. The substance of the article here presented will appear in extended form in a book to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

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The Bible and the Classics

IN this country, where the system of public school education has resulted in divorcing the curriculum from religious instruction, where church-going and Sunday-school attendance are no longer the *sine qua non* of respectability, where changes in college entrance requirements have made it possible for the educated man to emerge from the university entirely ignorant of the classics, it is inevitable that unless something is done to supply what has gone out of our training, literature must lose part of its content for future generations. We are not here at all concerned with the question of Bible study as religion, or with the study of Latin and Greek as mental discipline, but solely with their importance for general culture. What is to happen to our understanding of literature if allusions which once were the commonplaces of writing are to become as cryptic as a chemical formula? What is to happen to our authors if in order to make themselves intelligible to the public they must prune their works of references to the Bible and the classics?

The present generation of young parents, godless though their predeceessors might regard them, are still living on the accumulated knowledge of their elders. At least, if they themselves never read the Bible, or labored through Homer and Vergil, their early reading was annotated for them by those who still had the information which they lacked. Poetry and story could be made to yield the content of their allusions if read aloud. But now mothers are frequently as unable to supply the incident back of a name as their children, and some of the richest literature of the world is to them a partially closed book. What is to be done about it?

Well, since formal education is not at present likely to make acquaintance with the Bible and the classics obligatory in later years, it would seem that the intelligent mother should lay her stress on them in the plastic period of childhood in the home. The child will absorb Biblical and classical lore with the same interest as he does the story of adventure or the fairy tale if it is properly presented to him. It will become part of the warp and the woof of his imagination, and will dwell in memory to illuminate literature for him in later years. Illustrated editions, abridged versions, anthologies—anything that serves to make reading attractive to the young without degrading the originals—should serve to stimulate and feed the knowledge that will add pregnance to the reading of mature years. If half the pains went into presenting the Bible in attractive format that goes into furbishing forth Mother Goose, youngsters would be as familiar with its characters as with Jack and Jill.

Reviews

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER. By A. A. MILNE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN BENNETT

EVER since the appearance of that inimitable contribution to the gayety of nations, "When We Were Very Young," each new book by A. A. Milne has been greeted by a chorus of delight. And, as ever, when a starlike book dawns on the reader's dull horizon, the inevitable question has arisen in the minds of the lovers of Milne: can he maintain the subtle charm which enchanted a world from London *Punch* to the nursery?

The prose adventures of "Winnie-the-Pooh" enchanted maturity a little bit less, but enchanted the children more. "Now We Are Six" was received with trepidation, lest the enchanter's gold wear thin. Yet, though difficult for even genius to recapture the first fine careless rapture which caught the world all unaware in "When We Were Very Young," in full fair measure the volume did so. Then, with a keen sense of disappointment one regarded the pedestrian course of a syndicated story by A. A. Milne, the thin-drawn humor of which, if any, was headed not by a title legitimately or derivatively its own, but by the name of the author alone, thus doing its dull, destructive business under the promissory device of a happy name. While thus killing the goose for the golden egg, came a "Fourth Volume by the same Author and Artist," "The House at Pooh Corner."

Apprehensively one turned to the "Fourth Book," suspiciously scanning the patent appeal of its uncapitalled title. And met . . . . ah! isn't it a grand and glorious feeling, once more not to be disappointed by expectations of delight?

Making every allowance for the fact that this is Milne's fourth volume of similar substance, and that readers cannot expect to be surprised by what they anticipate, one is charmed to find that "the house at pooh corner" grades well up to Milne's high level of whimsical laughter and charm.

Perhaps there is not so often the almost uncanny revelation of a child's mind, that marvellous intuitive piercing of childhood's mental process in action, which before so delighted the adult, winking and sparkling along the page.

There is a change; not a decline; but something has gone, with the dancing music; the tale departs perceptibly from the naive humor of child psychology to narrative more wholly concerned with the adventures and misadventures of those quaint small beasties, the astute and poetical Pooh, the melancholy Jaques, Eeyore, the bouncy Tigger, Piglet, Rabbit, Kanga, Roo, and W O L, the burlesque tragic fall of the house of Owl, the mysterious fog in the Hundred Acre Wood, the diverting conversations and recreations of the storied Forest around Pooh Corner, and, comedy of errors, the building of a new house for Eeyore.

All is as ever whimsically laughable and delectable. And though, perhaps, the appeal to the old is less, the appeal to the young is undoubtedly greater, with more exciting adventures and droll events, and less psychological quiz, which, after all, is but matter-of-fact to a child, though diverting to its elders.

Almost on the level, and comparing well with Milne's first and best, "the house at pooh corner" will be welcomed by the young of all ages wherever Milne's books are known.

The drawings by E. H. Shepard are, as always, animatedly droll, and Christopher Robin's adorable legs are as irresistible as ever.

THE PIGTAIL OF AH LEE BEN LOO. By JOHN BENNETT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT was in the pages of "the old *St. Nicholas*" that I first made the acquaintance of John Bennett, via his silhouettes and rhymes. We older people have a way of speaking of "the old *St. Nicholas*" as though the period in the past during which we subscribed to that famous periodical, still extant, were the period of its heydey. Nevertheless, permit me, for one, still to think so. There were serials in it like "The White Cave" and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes" and "The Lakerim Athletic Club." To my mind the extremely affluent novelist, Rupert Hughes, has never done anything better than his fully-rounded portraits of the various boys in the last-named story. But I am concerned with John Bennett in this instance.

How various are John Bennett's gifts. One of his long stories for children, "Master Skylark," a story of Elizabethan England, is now a classic. His beautiful novel of old Charleston, for adults, deserves the same ranking. He is as clever in drawing as in writing, deft both in verse and prose. This present collection is the result of years of the highly individual entertainment he furnished my generation when they were younger, and today, as I turn the pages, there is the same glamor about his work.

"Ben Ali the Egyptian," with its clever intricacies of rhyme, and the brief jingle with the beautifully contrasted pictures, of "Granger Grind and Farmer Mellow," remain two of my old favorities. Others are "Hans the Otherwise" and "Ye Old-Tyme Tayle." But there is abundance in the book, abundance of caliphs and giants and fools who were wise and wise folk who were fools, plenty of beautiful and funny silhouettes, plenty of nonsense, plenty of good ballad measures; knights and scullions, peddlers, tailors and piemen; barbers,

(*Continued on page* 342)

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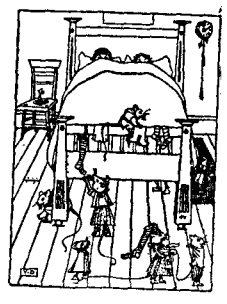

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No. 6

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THE VIKING PRESS : NEW YORK

The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 340)

master-fiddlers and Chinese laundrymen. There are fantastically moralistic stories in rhyme and in prose. The book is a big volume and the pictures alone should beguile a child for hours.

BLOCK-CUTTING AND PRINT-MAKING BY HAND. By MARGARET DOBSON. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1928. $3.75.

Reviewed by PEPPINO MANGRAVITE
Avon College

IT would seem that a knowledge-thirsty generation in a high concentrated teaching age must be satiated with inflated formulas. All the available knowledge on every conceivable subject, unless it be on how to pry open an oyster without cutting your hand, is being pruned, sliced, dried, and then grouped above the genuine teaching methods of the time. If the textbook must remain the high priest for communicating knowledge to our children, it is time it cast aside its traditional robes for a fitted raiment.

Margaret Dobson's textbook on block-cutting and print-making by hand is not the first on the subject, but hers is the most comprehensible and adaptable one of the lot. "The purpose of this book," writes the author, "is that it may provide information about an art which has been curiously surrounded with not a little mystery." True enough. Miss Dobson, who is herself an accomplished engraver, presents the subject with such a clear simplicity that even the most difficult problems of engraving will be to the young student fascinating reading. Eight brief chapters describing and defining the different treatment and effects might sound like too much paraphrasing, especially after the student has already read as many chapters on Definition of Terms; The Potato Cut; The Linoleum Cut; The Wood Cut; the Construction of Decorative Patterns; Pictorial Art, and others. But such is not the case with Miss Dobson's textbook. However, whether the student's enthusiasm could grow as well in the actual process of engraving and print-making as in the reading of the text, without the personal guidance of an experienced hand, is a question that from the teacher's point of view has only the negative answer.

"Block-Cutting and Print-Making by Hand" should be a treasure house of information for the art teachers of the public schools, who always seem to be wistfully seeking for it. To be more to the point, the Department of Public Education would gain by providing every art teacher with a copy of this book. One wonders whether or not Miss Dobson was thinking of the public school teacher when she wrote: "So to the enthusiast, who is ever the student, to teachers and others who have not the opportunity to see the actual processes carried out or access to museums and other sources of study, it is hoped that these pages may serve as a happy guide and be an inspiration for one of the most delightful of crafts. It is hoped, also, that they may afford a clearer insight to the remarkable and important rise to artistic favor which the print enjoys at the present time."

The book is profusely illustrated with block prints by English school children as well as by artists of the present and past.

THE REAL LOG CABIN. By CHILSON D. ALDRICH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

THIS is the time of year to read a book on how and where to build a log cabin. Summer is not so far gone and Indian summers are not so infrequent but that there remains time to select a cabin site for any sort of a log structure in the wilderness, from a wood shed to a twelve-room log mansion with all modern conveniences. Then the whole winter remains to realize all the plans for your secluded retreat in the woods.

At this point, Mr. Chilson D. Aldrich's book "The Real Log Cabin" will be a help and inspiration to you. The author is an architect by profession and a woodsman by inclination. He is wholly capable of solving every problem on cabin construction, which he proceeds to do, and he enthusiastically suggests so many novel features by means of which a log cabin may be comfortably settled that your completely civilized man, who scorns any location more than two blocks from a paved street, stands in real danger of becoming convinced that a cabin in the woods is the place for him. The numerous illustrations in the volume are as accurate, beautiful, and persuasive as the text itself.

CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. By PETER ADAMS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $1.25.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN DAVID BONE

THIS unassuming little book is written for the "many boys who would like to make ship models . . . but who are afraid to tackle the job for fear that it will prove too difficult," and the author sets out at once to dispel that fear. The tools and materials, he says, are to be of the simplest—ordinary cork, pins, threads, matches, paper, and crayons, and the results, whether the work be undertaken as a business or a hobby, are out of all proportion to the labor involved.

The vogue for ship models is constantly growing, and if their manufacture is to be pursued as a business it may very well be approached as a hobby that will occupy spare moments pleasurably and inexpensively, and at the same time provide an outlet for the love of ships and sailor men native in every boy. Throughout this little book the author never completely confines himself to the business details of fashioning little ships from bits of cork, but puts in a deal of special pleading for yachting, "the best and cleanest sport in the whole world." It is remarkable how he contrives to inject the romance of spreading canvas and salt spray into these few pages of elementary instruction. He gives, as well, quite a comprehensive outline of the development of ships from the Egyptian nugger of 600 B.C. to the armored cruiser and racing yacht of the present day—and all this in some hundred and twelve pages, a good part of which is taken up with drawings and minute instructions for fashioning masts and rigging from paper and matches.

He begins of course with the ships of the early Egyptians and Phœnicians and devotes a chapter to each of the important types that followed; the galleys of the Greeks and Romans, the Viking ships, the sturdy and adventurous Santa Maria, and the trading vessels of the Venetians and other Mediterranean Powers, which bring him, with growing enthusiasm, down to the beginning of the great days of sail. Here he gives each new development in rig and design with astonishing simplicity and an admirable economy of words. They are all included: the Penzance lugger, the full-rigged ship, the brig, the barque, schooners and sloops, the yawl, the Friendship sloop (which is his particular favorite), and the catboat. The last two chapters are devoted to the early steamboat and the Monitor, that "cheese-box on a raft," but his best word has been said when he abandons sail.

At first the directions are given in detail, but with each new chapter he cuts down his notes and explains only where there is some new development in hull, rig, or superstructure. Crude and unfinished as these little models must be, it is easy to see that only the clumsiest of young modellers could go through this course of design and emerge minus a real interest in ships and a tendency to dream of himself as the yachtsman of the future whose enthusiasm will keep sail on the sea. Elementary though these pages are, there is space to devote a few words to the exciting age of the clipper ships, mentioning some of the more famous with their record runs and a word for their daredevil skippers. In fact, right through the book the name of a thrilling sea yarn is inserted here, or a hazardous adventure cited there, shrewdly calculated to foster a young reader's love for the sea. And when the author sings the praises of the new 8-meter One Design Class, and cites his own boyish experiences as skipper of an 18-foot catboat given him by his father and christened the "Tipsy and Leaky" to keep his mother from worrying, we feel that he has come out in the open in urging young enthusiasts to rally to his favorite sport, counting his changeless enthusiasm sufficient proof that their efforts will be well repaid.

Suggestion: That children should keep a literary scrap-book, like any other scrap-book, but capable, over a leisurely span of months, of intimate association with a child's own preferences in reading. Someone sends a postcard of the Lorna Doone country—insert it! "Lorna Doone" happens to be a favorite of yours, in spite of your being a "sub-flapper."

Comment (from a young lady aged ten): "Oh, I'm so tired of having my school-books made interesting for children. I just want to know about things *straight*."

(*Continued on page* 344)

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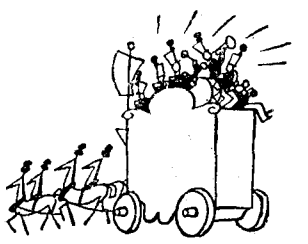

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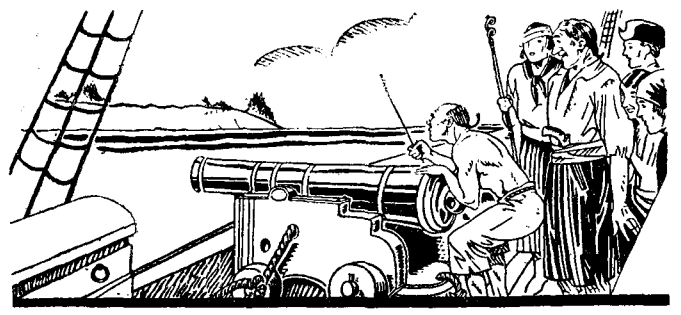

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued on page 342*)

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD.

THIS is the month when all the new Fall Children's Books begin to appear on shelves, counters, and in bookshop windows with the perennial gaiety of autumn leaves. The jackets are only a shade less bright and there seem to be almost as many of them. Our head reels pleasantly at the sight of so much color as we prance from publisher to publisher, collecting more and more till our old brief-case looks like Harlequin's own carpet-bag and our desk like a crazy-quilt. We cannot help thinking how this would have delighted the hearts of Charles and Mary Lamb after their complaints that the dull and didactic Mrs. Barbould had pushed their favorite "Goody Two Shoes" to a top shelf of Newbery's penny bookshop in old London.

And wouldn't it delight the soul of Mr. William Blake if he could see the pictures that Pamela Bianco has made for her own selection of his poems lately issued by the Macmillan Company? Not since "Flora," when Walter de la Mare wrote verse for the remarkable pictures she drew as a child of eleven, has she done such delicately sure, magical work with frail children, animals, and flowers, not to speak of her "Tiger, Tiger burning bright" drawing. To be sure, she apologizes for this same tiger in a charming letter addressed to Mr. Blake himself, in which she incidentally lets slip an artistic secret or two. There had been, it seems, criticism of the thin arms of the little boy in "The Land of Dreams." Pamela admits that they are very thin, but she adds: "I made them that way on purpose because I felt sorry for him. I could not help feeling he was rather unhappy, and the only way I can make people look sad is by giving them very thin arms." Such work as this proves that the child prodigy in pigtails has gone far, without losing that early candor and clear simplicity of line that made her the artistic sensation of some eight or ten years ago.

Speaking of prodigies, Barbara Follett and her mother are off on a trip around the world in a sailing vessel, perhaps two sailing vessels for good measure,—we aren't sure. But Barbara will tell all about it in records of her trip written to no less an authority than William McFee. These, like her last year's experiences aboard the schooner "Norman D.," will appear in book form later. We wonder if she will find a saltier title for her sea log than Cornelia Meig's new adventure story for Little, Brown & Company, "Clearing Weather." Miss Meigs seems to have a genius for titles. We remember her "Rain on the Roof" of a season or so ago and now her epic of an American steam engine, "The Wonderful Locomotive" (Macmillan), seems to promise all that any small boy could wish for.

Lois Lenski, who last year was responsible for the illustrations of no less than four, or was it five, children's books and who incidentally wrote the text for one of them, has done another, text, pictures, and all, that Frederick A. Stokes is bringing out. This is called "A Little Girl of Nineteen Hundred." Her publishers describe it as an American "period story" with a background of first rides in "horseless carriages," Sunday School picnics, and the Buffalo Exposition. We have only had time to turn a few of its pages, but we think it sounds delightful even if it does make us feel rather old to admit that we can remember back as far as that. Oh, yes, we were taken to a New England Sunrise Prayer Meeting the first day of nineteen hundred when we were,—never mind what,—and I dare say looked just as funny as the little girls Miss Lenski knows so well how to draw—big bows, cup-and-saucer hats on the back of the head, yoke dresses, long black stockings, and all!

Although we happen to know the pictures for Eleanor Farjeon's new book of verse, "Come Christmas," (also from Stokes) rather too intimately to pass judgment on them, we do think that these poems all about the different and various emotions of the Christmas season are very rare and delightful things, almost as musical and spirited as her earlier alphabet verses for country and city children or the lovely bits of verse out of her far too little known "Gipsy and Ginger." Miss Farjeon, as nearly everyone must have heard by this time, is the granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson, which is just another way of saying she had Rip Van Winkle for a grandfather. Her father was an English novelist and her brother is a playwright, and she has a wonderful studio over a garage near Hampstead Heath. We almost had tea with her there once, but unfortunately the invitation came just as we were halfway home across the Atlantic.

Another London book which has caught our fancy greatly is "Pax, the Adventurous Horse," by Muriel Hodder, published in this country by the Viking Press. It is the product of an eleven-year-old girl's lively imagination and was written entirely without thought of publication some fifteen years ago. This seems to us the ideal way for the works of child prodigies to be produced,—written in all their spontaneous freshness and vigor and published later when the author will not perhaps be too greatly affected by press notices and publishers' catalogues. Miss Hodder has been doubly lucky, for the book has a sympathetic introductory note by Edward Garnett, the critic, and delightfully spirited black and white pictures made by Ray Garnett (Mrs. David Garnett), for whose extraordinary woodcuts in her husband's "Lady Into Fox" we have always felt special gratitude.

Over in May Massee's apartment on West Twelfth Street last spring we saw some of the striking black-and-white pictures that James Daugherty (more familiarly known as "Jimmie-the-Ink") has been making to illustrate a new edition of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" for Doubleday, Doran. We cannot think of a happier combination all round, especially with Anne Carroll Moore doing the editing. Miss Moore, having herself written "Nicholas, a Christmas Story of Manhattan" some years ago, probably knows as much about old and new corners of New York as anyone we can think of to-day. Sometimes dead authors are luckier than live ones, though of course there is always the Milne-Shepard collaboration to disprove that theory. We must visit Marion Fiery at Dutton's soon and beg for our copy of the new "house at pooh corner" from the two hundred and fiftieth printing or whatever edition it must have reached by now.

Reviews

ADVENTURES OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By EDWARD EMERSON. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

NO boy, if he were a cleanly, healthy, vigorous American boy at least, could fail to thrill in reading Edward Emerson's book, "Adventures of Theodore Roosevelt." Many books have dealt with those adventures as incidents in the life of the great American, but, so far as I know, this is the first book given up wholly to the adventurous side of this man who filled so many positions in the eyes of the American people.

Underlying the spirited narrative, it seems to me that Mr. Emerson has achieved his purpose in lifting the youth of America toward the type of adventure Theodore Roosevelt loved best.

Not only did the "Colonel" desire to achieve prowess in the open, not only did he win, and desire to win, the acclaim that came to him as Colonel of the Rough Riders, but Mr. Emerson has, cleverly, been able to show that each part of Theodore Roosevelt's life coördinated with the next,—his effort as a delicate little boy to attain a healthy body,—his determination in college to make the cleanliness of that body as dominant a part of his life as his actual intellectual attainments,—the culmination of the building of his body in those glorious days of frontier sport, where character and grit had to be matched with iron nerve and taut muscle,—his fight for Civil Service Reform under two Presidents,—his courage and vigor in facing a depleted and demoralized police force, which his enthusiasm and determination built into an efficient protective body of the Empire City,—the adventure, for so he considered it, during his term as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, of turning the shots that had *not* counted because of lack of proper ammunition, into "the shots that hit," and therefore counted,—the spirit with which he won the right to make good his own preaching that the iniquitous Spanish rule in Cuba should be exterminated;—all these adventures, as well as the more difficult periods of his later life are touched upon by Mr. Emerson with an understanding pen.

The great point of it all is this,—a delicate boy determines to be a strong man; a

(*Continued on page 346*)

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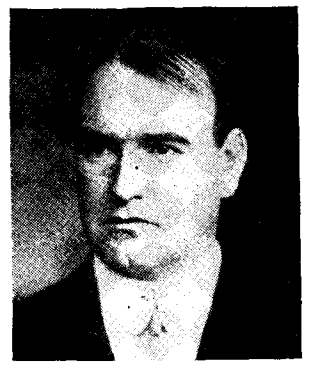

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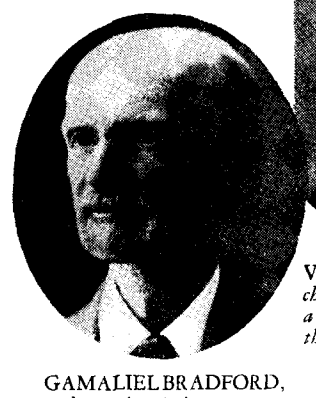

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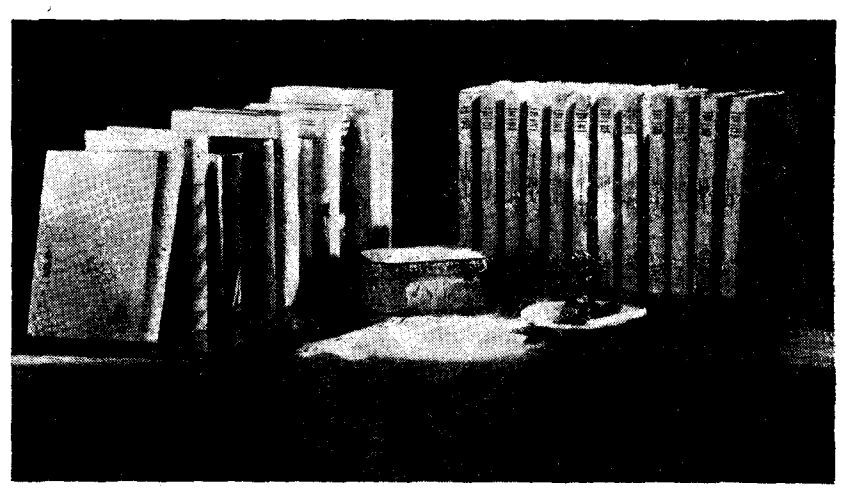

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It is, therefore, with a sense of deep satisfaction that we are able to announce the appointment of these members of the Board of Editors. Others of equal distinction will be added in the near future.

As a unique feature of our Board, we have been fortunate in securing, as a special *Advisory Editor*, Mr. Frank L. Polk, Acting Secretary of State in President Wilson's Cabinet. It is our feeling that an outstanding individual, not himself engaged in the profession of literature, will be able to reflect the likes and dislikes of thousands of cultivated American readers, and will be an asset to our organization in guiding our general editorial policy.

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The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from page* 344)

strong man decides to make his strength worth while, *not only* for the keen joy of living in the wide open prairies, but to make that first adventure a foreword to the attitude with which he faces the more difficult, the more grimy, the more sinuous adventures in the life of the public man.

Ah! What fun were those days and nights at the Elk Horn and Chimney Butte ranches! I, myself, the sister of the owner, was part of those days and knew the "Round Up" and the deer hunt; knew their delight and their weariness, and the perseverance which was necessary for the longer and drearier hunts. What keen observation also of furred and feathered creatures was part of the great game!

But, remember, all that joyous period was but the premise to what was to come. Roosevelt's ardent service as Rough Rider was also only an "open door" to what came later. The *balance* of his nature, which Mr. Emerson shows so aptly, was greatly helped by this prelude, and perhaps had he not ridden over the plains with the cowboys, slept out under the Cuban stars, met the African beasts face to face in their own "home town," he could not later, with an assassin's bullet in his breast, have so calmly insisted upon continuing the speech which he felt was the crux of the great crusade which he waged in 1912.

Mr. Emerson, himself a "Rough Rider," has told with vim and fire the physical adventures of Theodore Roosevelt, but he has been able also, in depicting the character of the man, to show that that physical prowess was a factor in the finer spiritual achievement.

ABE LINCOLN GROWS UP. By CARL SANDBURG. With illustrations by JAMES DAUGHERTY. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ADMIRERS of Mr. Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" will be glad of an opportunity to share that uniquely interesting picture of pioneer life with their children. The author, who writes for children of eight upwards, concentrates his attention upon the backwoods environment rather than upon Lincoln himself. All the main facts in the life of the hero, up to the time he returned from his river trip to New Orleans and went to New Salem to clerk in a grocery, are narrated. But Mr. Sandburg gives his best strokes to the background—to the struggles of the first frontiersmen with the Indians, the bears, and the panthers, to the mode of life in log cabins, to the rough table fare of the pioneers, to the camp-meetings, the picnics, the dances, and the "infares," to the sports of the boys, to the crude humor of the elders, to their ways of speech and dress. The panorama of western life in the quarter-century following Lincoln's birth has never been better exhibited than in Mr. Sandburg's two-volume work, and in this brief and simple account of how "the boy-baby arrives," how he becomes "a shirt-tail boy," how he went "barefoot in yellow clay," how he rubbed elbows with "half-horse, half-alligator men" on the rivers, and how he finally became "a long-shanked young man with his pantaloons stuffed in his rawhide boots," the author reproduces all the salient lines of the earlier picture.

Doubtless the juvenile reader will hardly appreciate the minute fidelity of Mr. Sandburg's study, or its warmly human sympathy. Doubtless many boys will prefer the passages which deal with action—the Indian fight at the beginning, the wrestling-matches, the familiar story of how Parson Weems's book was ruined, and the voyage of Lincoln's flatboat down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi rivers. But it is well to have such a book. Some city children, at least, will be fascinated by the description of that crude, raw, yet in many ways admirable and enjoyable frontier life. They will learn what a blab-school is; they will find out how the pioneers pronounced common words; they will pick up many a full-flavored but obsolete bit of idiom; they will hear of the "milk-sick," of keelboats, of circuit-riders, of gouging matches and half-faced cabins; they will gain some inkling of how the experiences of the frontier contributed to Lincoln's shrewdness and sagacity, his patience and humor. Parts of the volume, such as the account of Jacksonian politics, will be above the heads of the younger readers, but they can grow up to these chapters. To all parents who want something that will entertain and that will yet offer tough intellectual mastication for the children, the book can be confidently commended. Mr. Daugherty's illustrations are spirited and original, but somewhat overemphasize the roughness of pioneer people and scenes.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. By WILLIAM E. BARTON. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928.

THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By VERNON QUINN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

OLD DAYS AND OLD WAYS. By IMOGEN CLARK. New York: Crowell. 1928. $2.

A MORGAN RIFLEMAN. By WALTER H. NICHOLS. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.

A PATRIOT MAID AND OTHER STORIES. By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE. The same. $1.75.

THE FORTUNES OF JOHN HAWK. By GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE. The same. $2. $2.

LOST—A BROTHER. By EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

THESE seven books all deal in one way or another with American history of more than a century ago, although none of them is a historical narrative, two being biography, one description, and the other four fiction. At the top of the list, both because of its subject and because of its authority and comprehensiveness, stands William E. Barton's volume on Washington. Written for young people, it can be read by their elders with equal, if not even greater interest, for Dr. Barton, while adhering to a simple, straightforward style, avoids over-simplification. He also has a strong vein of commonsense criticism, which enables him, for instance, to present a much more judicial view of the biographical endeavors of Parson Weems than is ordinarily inflicted upon the reading public. If the parson was not an ideal biographer, neither was he the myth-maker which it has become the fashion to represent him as being. Dr. Barton's book is an interpretative narrative, flavored with extracts from Washington's diaries and letters. In his pages the first President appears as a human figure without losing the qualities which made him the Father of His Country.

In "The Exciting Adventures of Captain John Smith," Vernon Quinn has spun a tale of extraordinary interest on both its personal and its public side. Through the varied activities of one of the most forceful personages in history one gets a "close-up" of conditions in several European countries at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth as well as a detailed picture of the difficulties and dangers amid which the colony of Virginia was founded.

Partly descriptive, partly narrative, Imogen Clark's "Old Days and Old Ways" is crowded with entertaining particulars of the manners, customs, ideas, and living conditions of Americans of Colonial times. The second and much longer section of the book is in effect a gallery of Colonial children who were *destined to become famous*—Franklin, Washington, Gilbert Stuart, Dolly Madison, and twice as many more. A child to whom this book is presented will have to keep it in his room if he wishes to read it before the grown-ups of the household have finished with it.

The Revolutionary War is the background—sometimes the foreground—of the two volumes entitled, respectively, "A Morgan Rifleman" and "A Patriot Maid and other Stories." While Washington, Hamilton, and other historical characters are introduced in the first of these volumes, its outstanding personage is Benedict Arnold, who is seen by the Morgan rifleman, John Homer, in moments of bravery as well as of less creditable feelings. The reader obtains a better understanding of Arnold's strange personality than most of Arnold's countrymen now possess. New York in the period following the Revolution is the setting for Grace MacGowan's piece of historical fiction, "The Fortunes of John

(*Continued on page* 350)

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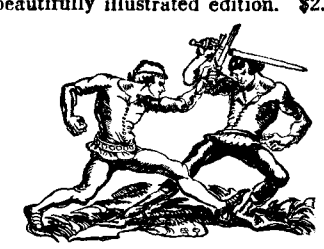

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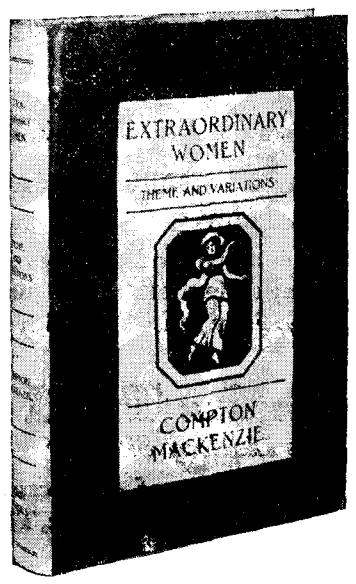

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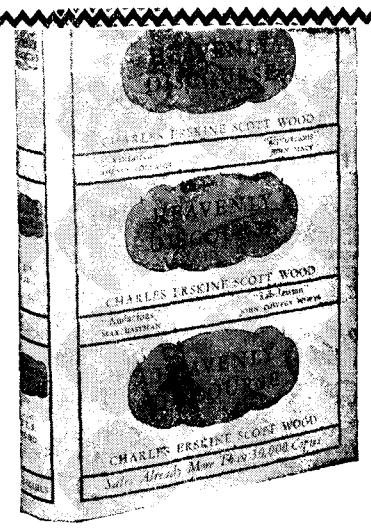

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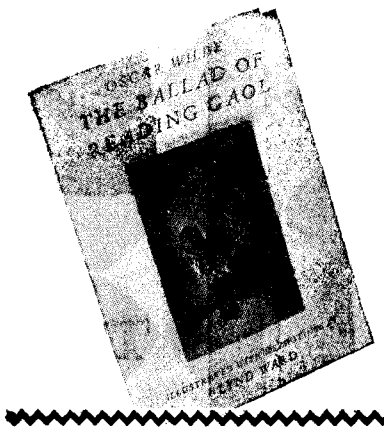

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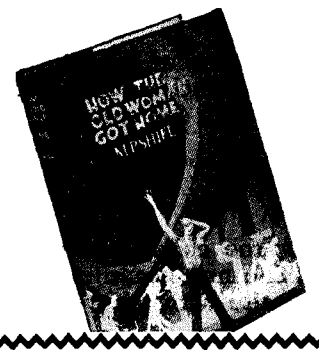

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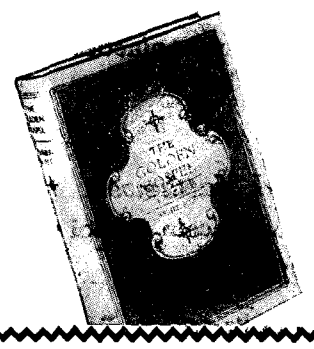

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(*Continued from page* 346)

Hawk." The central figure in the story has various adventures, beginning with his running away from British officers and culminating in a good, old-fashioned discovery of hidden treasure.

Mystery stories which can be commended to children without risk of disappointment are even rarer than mystery stories which do not bore their elders, but the Knipes' narrative entitled "Lost—A Brother," a tale of the War of 1812, can hardly fail to arouse and hold the interest of anybody into whose hands it is likely to fall. The plot is ingenious and it is skilfully unfolded.

TAKTUK, AN ARCTIC BOY. By HELEN LOMEN and MARJORIE FLACK. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

Reviewed by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

THIS is a book for children, marked "six to ten years," but I, who have spent more than either six or ten years in the Arctic, read it for information. It is authoritative and up to date, with one of the collaborators better informed on at least one phase of Arctic life than any Arctic explorer can well be.

"Taktuk" is not the story of an imaginary boy in an imaginary world, as most northern tales for children are. It is the story of an imaginary boy in a real world —the real northwest Alaska of to-day, where the Eskimos are changing in a half century from the Stone Age civilization of their hidden past to the phonograph and canned goods civilization of their problematic future.

Chiefly this is the story of the Eskimo child's relation to his new playmate and pet, the reindeer. And one of the authors is Helen Lomen, sister of that Carl Lomen who is called "Reindeer King" because the company of which he is president owns a hundred and fifty thousand reindeer that graze in larger herds over northwestern Alaska than Texas longhorns ever did over the Panhandle.

Miss Lomen has lived in Alaska among Eskimos and reindeer since she was a baby, more than twenty years. She has grown up with the reindeer change that has just come upon the Eskimos. Her boy hero's great-grandfather hunted caribou with bow and arrow, the grandfather purchased rifles from traders, and the caribou herds that might have competed forever with the weapons of the Stone Age, faded away quickly before the withering blaze of gunpowder. Taktuk's father saw no caribou in his youth, but heard of reindeer, a tame caribou, that had been brought into the country farther south by the United States Government at the suggestion of wise missionaries, especially of Sheldon Jackson.

The United States Government was completely strange and mysterious to the Eskimos, for they had no government of their own, not even chiefs. But the missionaries seemed familiar, for they were like the native priests. The reindeer was said to look familiar; it resembled the caribou except you owned them like dogs instead of hunting them.

Dogs consume your food and you cannot eat them to get your food back, or should *not according to Eskimo custom;* reindeer, though they belong to you, do not eat your food but you may eat them as the Eskimos always did caribou and as the whites do sheep and cattle. So the people welcomed the new animal as soon as they began to understand it. This understanding grew upon Taktuk's father gradually, and by the time Taktuk was born, about 1915 let us say, the reindeer and the pet fawn were as natural in that part of Alaska as sheep and the pet lamb are to the farmers of our countryside.

None of this is told by Miss Lomen and Miss Flack. They take the Eskimo as we find him to-day. Their characters still hunt polar bears and seals, just as Vermont farmers still hunt black bears and woodchucks. But the reindeer has become the chief concern of the older people and the chief romance of the young who play at whatever their elders work at.

The story is well told by the two authors and well illustrated by Miss Flack. The volume is at least as interesting as if it were the story of unreal people against an unreal background, which most Eskimo tales for children are, even the ones that have been "adapted" by educators and schools. It is the story of the Alaskan Eskimo as he is to-day, gradually evolving from the Stone Age "savage" of a hundred years ago to the prosperous airplane and radio civilization of 1928.

CLEARING WEATHER. By CORNELIA MEIGS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY NICHOLS

THIS title, though pleasant sounding, is inapt, for it rather intimates a book of verse, which the volume is not, than a fast moving adventure story, which the volume is.

Miss Meigs (surely Cornelia is not a male?) has brought to this yarn all the stirring ingredients—patriotism, three heroes, conflict between heroic lads and villainous men, an old inn, a seaport, ship and a venture to Cathay, Indians, pirates, cannon and muskets, love romance; and in the fade-out comes the fulfilment of dreamful wishes. Miss Meigs can tell a story and no boy will lay down the book once he sets his teeth in it. (The jacket does wrong to synopsize, even for the sake of lazy reviewers.)

In a manner of speaking all such stories are *clichés.* However varied the plot there is no originality, it is an endless weaving of used threads. There may be invented actions but there are no new feelings, no new air for us to breathe. We know the atmosphere of this old attic thoroughly. It is the genius who coins the phrase and a hundred following generations *cliché* it. Picking up books on this pattern we can never forget R. L. S., for he did the thing to perfection: the Admiral Denbow, Jim, the good and evil characters, and Long John who was both and therefore true. Nothing could be remoter from reality than "Treasure Island," yet because it was genuinely imagined and perfectly wrought the thing seems indestructible. If it cannot exist in reality, very well: the tale makes its own world, then, and in that created *milieu* exists as a "real" thing.

However Miss Meigs has written no "Treasure Island," even though there is a kinship sensed. Perhaps it is not so strange a thing, this girl's writing a pirate story. You cannot have your adventure romance and live it too. There was a good deal of the woman in Stevenson; maybe that is why men hold him in such deep affection. And it is noteworthy that after he had set out to live his sea adventure he ceased writing it with that old glamour of inexperience. For if you are going to imagine unreal things, perfectly, you must steer off reality.

As for the manner of the present book, if an unadventurous male may venture to take Miss Meigs up on anything, he would beg her to obey her good demon of directness and economy, whom she always hearkens to when her characters have been marshaled into action but ignores when her fancy is in calm. Thus ignoring him she can launch her book with:

> The bent plum trees set in the square of rough grass behind the Blackbird Inn, were as white on this mild February day as though it was May. Ordinarily their branches were as black with age as they were twisted by sea winds; for beyond the hawthorne hedge was the marsh, across which gales from the north and east could sweep unhindered; and beyond the marsh was the sea. It was neither blossom nor snow which covered the wide-reaching boughs in that hazy sunshine, but a gossamer-light veil of frost which lay upon every branch and twig, and penciled each with a delicate tracery of white . . .

And so on and so on. Why couldn't we have had simply: "The bent plum trees behind the Blackbird Inn were white with frost"?

BOY OF THE DESERT. By EUNICE TIETJENS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS TIETJEN'S story of an Arab boy has the grace of style and the merit of freshness, and though compounded of simple incidents and charged with matter of an informative nature manages to be consistently interesting and never aggressively didactic. Carrying its depiction of native customs and manners on the thread of the small events that make up the daily life of its youthful hero, it blocks in the setting, the personalities, and the mode of living of the Arabian scene with enough of piquant happening to give it vivacity and enough of description to give it tang. It has, to be sure, more of portrayal than of action, and it has nothing whatsoever of excitement, but for the child of ten or twelve whose in-

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terest is not circumscribed by his own environment and whose curiosity is awake to an existence lived under other conditions than his own, it is full of picturesque material. Even by his elders it can be read with enjoyment. Will Hollingsworth has supplemented the text with pen and ink drawings that have delicacy and charm.

A GUIDE TO LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN. By WALTER TAYLOR FIELD. New York: Ginn & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THE number of books for children has lately increased with amazing rapidity, and though the indispensables have gathered at a less dizzying rate of speed, enough of them have collected since "Fingerposts to Children's Reading" appeared some years ago, to call for a revised and enlarged edition. This has been carried out so thoroughly as to produce what is in effect a new book, "A Guide to Literature for Children," by Walter Taylor Field (Ginn). One could have wished that the admirable chapter on Mother Goose had opened the book instead of closing it —as chronologically it might well have done—and one way of approach to the reading-lists is by way of this and the chapter just before it, "The Illustrating of Children's Books," which without going into abstractions tells what most children see when they look at pictures, what they like in them, and why some illustrators confuse and others delight the eyes of a child. The section on "Good Books for Home and School" begins with a descriptive list of some 350 books arranged for one year at a time—a system of grouping of which I approve. Not that Mr. Field or I believes that any book aims straight at the center of any one twelve-month, but with such an arrangement one is certain to avoid impossible combinations like "books for ages twelve to sixteen"—a period into which a girl may go hand-in-hand with Louise Alcott and emerge arm-in-arm with Bernard Shaw.

These lists are brief—another practical point for young mothers—conservative, and made up of books that stand much rereading. Chapters follow on the teaching of literature—mainly advice on introducing children to metaphors in poetry—on the importance of reading in a school curriculum and some of the books school-children used to read, and sections on the school library as part of modern educational equipment and the public library as part of modern civilization. These will be especially practical and suggestive for communities where public libraries or those connected with schools are not yet established or not yet properly appreciated; indeed the book gives in general the sort of advice, moderate yet in line with good modern practice, greatly needed in smaller or more remote communities, and the type of booklist helpful to mothers who must buy their children's books by mail. These annotations are unusually clear and descriptive, and sometimes when there are several editions of one book their distinctive features are mentioned; prices are set down in the library lists at the back.

WULNOTH THE WANDERER. By H. ESCOTT-INMAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

EDWY THE FAIR. By A. D. CRAKE. The same.

MAGIC GOLD. By MARION FLORENCE LANSING. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.

TOD OF THE FENS. By ELINOR WHITNEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $2.

THE RED ROSE OF DUNMORE. By HAWTHORNE DANIEL. The same.

THE STORY HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By ELIZABETH O'NEIL. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALTER S. HAYWARD
Harvard University

ENGLISH history, especially during the early periods of constant warfare, offers a most attractive field for authors of juvenile books who prefer a basis of facts upon which to build their tales. As soon as children outgrow fairy stories—in other words, as soon as a growing sense of reality dims their delight in the purely fanciful—they turn naturally to these chronicles of heroes and heroic deeds. The volumes here reviewed are concerned largely with characters from history, and it is noticeable in all these books that the authors strive to combine historical accuracy with dramatic action.

"Wulnoth the Wanderer" is a new edition of a book first printed some twenty years ago. It is the story of a Saxon thrall whose father and benefactors have been killed by the Danish Sea Kings. In search of vengeance he follows the Danes into England, where he meets Alfred, fights a battle to the death with Hungwar, the Viking leader, and finds again Elgiva, his youthful love. Apart from a somewhat labored introduction of the religious element, the story moves rapidly and dramatically through a stirring series of incidents. The language is purposely archaic, and the form of the narrative is fashioned somewhat after that of the Norse sagas. It is a moot question, of course, whether children prefer a sentence which begins with "Thou art" to one headed by the more prosaic "You are," but the obsolete speech as used in this volume undoubtedly lends atmosphere. There are a number of interesting illustrations by James Daugherty.

"Edwy the Fair" is also a story of Saxon England, but the action takes place a half century later, when the struggle is between the ecclesiastical influence, headed by Dunstan, later canonized, and the more worldly desires of the boy-king Edwy, who succeeded to the throne at fifteen. The plot revolves around the two sons of the Thane of Æscendune. Elfric, the elder, is companion to Edwy, and falls with him into evil ways, while Alfred, the younger, is a follower of Dunstan. In contrast to the previous tale, modernized speech is used. There is a bit too much history, perhaps, for the sake of the story, and the author finds it hard sometimes to reconcile the evil doing of the hero with his natural desire to have all end happily.

"Magic Gold" is a title to attract any one's attention. Although the theme is not treasure trove, but the efforts of the alchemists to transmute the baser into the more precious metal, there is plenty of action. Roger, the crippled heir to Haddon Towers, volunteers to help Master Michael, the castle alchemist, in his labors. When the master of the castle gets into financial difficulties, Roger and the alchemist try their utmost to manufacture gold, and Roger saves his father's estates by confessing that the gold produced by him was not true gold, while Master Michael sells his invention of gunpowder at a good price. The famous Friar Bacon enters the story frequently. Although there is not so much fighting as in the preceding volumes, there is one dramatic scene in the lists when Roger's father breaks lances with his arch enemy.

Old Boston in the fifteenth century England is the scene of "Tod of the Fens." The plot hinges on a prank of Prince Hal, later Henry V, in stealing the five keys to the town treasure chest, and the unraveling of the difficulties ensuing therefrom. Tod himself is the leader of a band of homeless men who, like Robin Hood, delight in rough humor, but who are at heart honest fellows. The book is a good, if somewhat idealized, picture of a trading town in the Middle Ages.

"The Red Rose of Dunmore" forms the third in a series dealing with the adventures of the Dunmore family. As the title implies, the hero is an ardent follower of the fortunes of Lancaster. When the story opens, Richard the Third occupies the throne and Henry of Richmond, Henry VII to be, is in exile. Edward Dunmore, the hero, is fortunate enough to be chosen messenger for Henry, and the book is mainly composed of his adventures in avoiding and overcoming the attempts of his enemies to capture him. There is action on every page, the villains are properly overcome, and in the end the hero receives the hand of his lady love as reward for his exertions. In many ways this is the most satisfactory reading in all this list.

The "Story History of England" is meant for both boys and girls from nine to eleven. It is episodic in form, and excruciatingly simple in language. Each episode is illustrated by pictures both in color and black and white, there being ninety-six of the former and two hundred of the latter. It is unfortunate that the illustratons are not of a high character of excellence, the pictures of the present royal family being especially crude.

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

Books for Boys

LUCK OF THE BLUE MACKAW. By K. P. KEMPTON. New York: Ives Washburn. 1928. $1.75.

THE GHOST OF THE GLIMMERGLASS. By M. P. ALLEN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $1.75.

DRUMBEATER'S ISLAND. By KENT CURTIS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE GIANT'S HOUSE. By HARFORD POWEL, JR., and RUSSELL CARTER. The same.

RENFREW RIDES THE SKY. By LAURIE Y. ERSKINE. The same.

FOR VALOR. By COVINGTON CLARKE. Chicago: Reilly & Lee. 1928. $1.75.

SUBSTITUTE JIMMY. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE MACKLIN BROTHERS. By WILLIAM HEYLIGER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE BASEBALL DETECTIVE. By CHARLES G. MULLER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $1.75.

LENAPE TRAILS. By CLIFTON LISLE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.

DAVY JONES'S LOCKER. By REED FULTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

THE DERELICT. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

ON the chart of values in juvenile books the curve of average excellence is undoubtedly rising, even if no peaks jut up to show that something comparable to "Treasure Island," "Tom Sawyer," or the "Jungle Books" has appeared. Competition, that mother of improvement, has taken boys' books to nurse. With the number of writers increasing and the number of baseball innings remaining comparatively inelastic, it has been necessary to comb the planet more thoroughly for subjects, to sieve the past, even to consult the impossible. And not only do the subjects tend to vary from the usual, but the styles mature. Boys are comrades now and accredited with comprehension; truth, hesitating still this side of sex, is increasingly permitted on other topics. For example, the brutality of the sea-captain in Reed Fulton's lowering but masterly tale, "Davy Jones's Locker" is absolutely true to 1910, but would never have been *permitted in the juvenile lists of a few years* ago. Of course the old categories remain, and as it is impossible to review these books separately in the space allotted, I propose to comment on the tendencies shown by them.

Business life is represented by "The Giant's House" and in part by "Luck of the Blue Mackaw." The giant's house is New York City, and Jack Farrington captures it on the third assault, largely by going back home to his small town and making good. The moral is obvious and yet novel, but not at all helped by Jack's vision of himself as President in Washington. In the Mackaw book an application of the merger principle enables Jock to keep the roof over his mother's head, although few business men could survive the frightful exertions required of Jock in mastering Duganne, the evil competitor. Financial calculations pervade "The Ghost of the Glimmerglass" also, where not pearls but asbestos provides the final reward. It is interesting to note that these stories involving commerce are the least important of the list. Business may engulf *juvenilia some day, but that day is* not yet, thanks be.

Neither has the air come into its own if "Renfrew Rides the Sky" and "For Valor" are fair examples of the aviator story. Renfrew has not the same charm that he had in the Mounted Police story, possibly because here there is so much motion, so little time for those quiet suggestions of character which made the other Renfrew real. In both books Mr. Erskine and Mr. Clarke give the rat-tat-tat and boom of the front, and both books are good reading, but they belong to the made tale dominated by events and not by personality.

Humor is an ingredient tasted in an increasingly larger number of books, whether it be the quiet, naive observations of the boy in "Drumbeater's Island" whose thoughts are so often "poison painful" to him but funny to others, or the brisk up-to-the-minute wise-cracks of "The Baseball Detective." True humor, of situation, or of character, is very rare, but there is a feeling towards light-heartedness which seems new.

In the school sports' story, competition is achieving wonders. In "The Baseball Detective," the second book devoted to the life and thoughts of "Fatso" Johnson, suspense in the matter of athletic results is skilfully protracted by means of Fatso's desire "to do a little light detecting." "Substitute Jimmy" with its easy good-nature and "The Macklin Brothers"—an admirable story of brotherly "love"—are by veterans, neck and neck claimants of the boys' first regard, but Mr. Muller with only his second story is challenging them.

With "Lenape Trails," "Davy Jones's Locker," and "The Derelict" another atmosphere is breathed. The eye is lifted from the contemporary baseball diamond and focussed on the Penn's Woods of 1724, on the round-the-Horn expedition to the Spaniard's Oregon, on an atoll in the South Seas. "Lenape Trails" would make any absent Pennsylvanian homesick. Each page mentions old and musical names, and the story grows reasonably from its environment. In "The Derelict," Charlie Selden, who has strangely survived the sharks and pirates of "The Pearl Lagoon," now tightens up his belt and takes a deep breath preparatory to new killings. Here is style. An incessant train of realistic detail is borne on the long rhythms of romantic prose to fine effect. The sea, the weather, the island, the life on it, are all there. Sometimes I wonder if there is no humor in the South Seas. Even Mr. Nordhoff, who has managed the transfusion of his own experienced blood into the veins of young Selden, eschews humor. Perhaps the humor of that latitude does not fit into a boys' book and would necessitate the transposition of a vigorous yarn which pleases discriminating tastes into another key. Absence of this final virtue also keeps "Davy Jones's Locker" just what it purports to be—historic adventure, vividly presented by virtue of courage and insight and strong prose.

Fourteen Samples

LINDA'S ELDORADO. By ALLEN CHAFFEE. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE SEA GIRL. By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $1.75.

THOSE CARELESS KINCAIDS. By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE CARAVAN GIRLS. By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL. The same.

MYSTERY GATE. By LUCILE MORRISON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE DRYAD AND THE HIRED BOY. By ETHEL COOK ELIOT. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS. By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN. The same.

LITTLE CABBAGES. By MILDRED CRISS MCGUCKIN. The same.

TANGLE GARDEN. By ELIZABETH JANET GRAY. The same.

THE LUCK OF OLD ACRES. By ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $1.75.

RUSTY RUSTON. By MARIAN HURD MCNEELY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

CORNELIA'S CUSTOMERS. By JANE WINTERS. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $1.75.

CHERIQUE. By MARY F. WICKHAM PORCHER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ANNIE SHAW. By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by HELEN CHRYSTIE

BOOKS in which characters are alive, or books that are really felt by their authors often give us a feeling of growing understanding. Why is it that most authors of children's books seem wilfully to avoid this office of enlarging the emotional or psychological horizons of their readers? Here are fourteen stories for girls from eleven to sixteen years old. They are all about young people and what they did, with happy endings at wholesale for everybody involved. The reader naturally imagines herself having the same exciting experiences. Characters are broadly outlined, but with only two exceptions, no character grows alive on the page and draws the reader out of herself into somebody else. "Mystery Gate," because it has a hero who is an Irish tramp actor, a perfect gentleman who has "eyes to see and a heart to feel," and "Little Cabbages," because it stretches the young imagination to understand the love of an old French bookworm for his treasures, are the most onward leading of these books.

The numerous stories which embody an ulterior purpose are modern "stories with a moral." The moral is not preached, but it

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is part of the story; it is conveyed by the youthful enthusiasm of the characters for their purposes. The ideal of coöperation is a part of several of these stories, especially "The Luck of Old Acres." "Rusty Ruston" teaches the joy of hard work. "Cornelia's Customers" shows that interesting people can be found at home as well as abroad. The story of "Tangle Garden" is built around the idea that the fortune of a happy family is not their fortune in money. Perhaps the most interesting idea contained in these stories is in "Those Careless Kincands." This book brings to the fore the fact that, in spite of the independent relationship of modern mothers and modern daughters who are one another's "girl friends," good old-fashioned mother love cannot be downed. But the spirit of headlong enthusiasm which gives vitality to these ideas is a more important characteristic of the books, making them books for young people, than the fact that they are stories about young people. Youthful enthusiasms, though they may be intolerant and a little stupid compared with the wisdom of a grand old person, are a prerogative of youth that its literature can well foster. It is partly because of this quality of enthusiasm that Dickens's stories are good reading for young people. Though we would have our books for the young less introverting, we would not abolish the species, "Juvenile Books"! If their authors were only less wary of broadening the imagination and remained wary of wilting the spirit of youth, young people's books would be brought closer to our best literature, without any necessity of becoming extinct as a class.

How many times has a girl's answer to, "What kind of books do you like best?" been, "Boys' books!" "The Rover Boys" would undoubtedly win the girls' vote from an "Elsie Dinsmore story," but modern authors have become aware of this preference, and it is no longer possible completely to distinguish girls' books from boys' books. This group of books for girls are all stories of adventure, and the first eight listed above are both mystery and adventure stories. Each one has a heroine, but except in "Upstairs and Downstairs" and in "Mystery Gate" she is one of a large family and shares her adventures with her brothers or with other boys. There are no love affairs, but there are especially devoted friendships between girls and boys. The most absorbing of these adventure tales are the "Sea Girl," about the clipper ship days in Nantucket, and "Linda's Eldorado," about the gold rush of 1852 in Washington Territory. The mystery plot of "The Caravan Girls" is notably unusual; that of "The Dryad and the Hired Boy" is a kidnapping story that a tabloid would be glad to print. Most of the mystery stories, either by historical background or by expressing a spirit of family coöperation, have a slight counter interest to the plot. The excellent plot of "The Disappearance of Anne Shaw," however, is absolutely alone in its glory.

A good mystery plot is certainly the path of least resistance toward holding the interest of young readers. Hence the superabundance of such stories. Most of us know from experience that Mrs. Seaman writes a good mystery story, and there comes a time early in the life of everyone when he wants to read a mystery story. But, are we willing to feed the young stories stressing plot to the exclusion of other ingredients which make a good novel? It is like developing their sense of art with pictures containing color but devoid of line and shadow and perspective!

A cowboy once said of a pair of yearling calves whom he knew intimately, "Those two are an awful lot alike to be so different." He might have been talking about these fourteen books. All stories about girls and boys, all stories of adventure with unmitigatedly happy endings, and, most of them, stories that embody some truth about life,—they have few very distinct differences of style. "Mystery Gate" is fanciful; "Little Cabbages" is unique in the group for its method of inserting frequent verses that are written by the heroine who is an unusually imaginative child. Only one of these books, "Those Careless Kincaids," is food for a sense of humor. The humor is in the conversation and in the adventures which are both exciting and funny, and a good deal of comedy is due to a four-year-old youngster who is so mechanically minded that he takes three screw drivers instead of a teddy bear to bed! Young people who are eager for adventure, and enthusiastic to champion an ideal, will enjoy the best of these books. They would still enjoy them, however, if they directed the imagination toward a keener understanding.

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

More Reviews

SONS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE. By T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH. New York: Century Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

MR. LONGSTRETH, who lives in the Adirondacks region of New York State, has become the official chronicler of that redoubtable constabulary, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; indeed, he is the author of a history of the Force. Consequently in this boys' book, "Sons of the Mounted Police" (a happy title), he writes from the inside.

There is a lure in the scarlet tunic and the smart set-up of the "Mounties"; and heaven knows their duties are varied enough to warrant adventure a-plenty. In wide territory the Ranger irregulars of our own Southwest are their only rivals. The adventure trail in the North, however, is not to be confined to pursuing a desperate outlaw through leagues of lonely, snowy wasteland and capturing him single-handed and thus retrieving a reputation—as romantic novels have it. The Mounted Police, like the Rangers, must deal with everything from smuggling up.

And that is Mr. Longstreth's story; Canadian, of course, but by this American. At Ottawa four youths, British subjects of the necessary mature years, apply to join the Force. They are of differing characters. Two make the Force, two are declined and taken on later. Stud and Bill, the one a knock-about, the other school educated, go on to Regina of Saskatchewan, the recruiting depot and training barracks of the Force, there to be put through the discipline, mental, moral, and physical, that will fit them to the service. The incidents of barracks life, where they have to stand upon their own, are natural, informative, and interesting. For the Mounted Police are made up of all degrees of men moulded by the one system.

Following upon the initiatory business the chapters lead throughout Canada from Nova Scotia of the Northeast to British Columbia of the Northwest. The two other lads show up as recruits. All prove themselves out—they have to. There are details dealing with motor bandits, counterfeiters, outlaw Indians, liquor-law violators, drug traffickers, that complete a story not only eventful but thoroughly honest and modern.

The chapters of narrative are interspersed with official General Orders that concisely supplement the action and establish it as authentic. In fact, the episodes are authentic, and have been approved as such by Headquarters. The illustrations, moreover, are from photographs of life among the same Mounted Police.

The book is not a thoroughgoing "juvenile." It is an advance type of story for boys approaching college age.

THE BOY SCOUTS' YEAR BOOK. Edited by FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.50 net.

AS James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, says in his foreword: "Another year is with us, and another Year Book!" Decidedly, with the continuation of these Year Books inaugurated in 1920 a great deal of water is seen to have flowed under the bridge of youth since the era of that other popular annual, the "Chatterbox."

It must be admitted that the "Chatterbox" was not inspiring to fast action; it was static rather than dynamic. In those days the safety-valve for red-blooded young America was found in merely playing Indian and trapper. To-day the Boy Scouts do not play at Indian, and trapper, and Daniel Boone. They put into earnest practice not only the best of American woods and trail lore, but the art of manly, self-sufficient, and helpful endeavor in a hundred other lines applied to wilderness and city both; and they enter into the deeds of air as well as those of water and land.

This Year Book of 1928, with a picture of Lindbergh, Honorary Scout, upon the colored jacket, is devoted to the traditions of the air service and of the sea as so well exemplified in the careers of Lindbergh and Commander Byrd. The score of stories, selected from the official Scouts magazine, have entrancing openings.

He was no longer Cadet Barry Lewis. Sam Browne belt, gold shoulder bars—and silver wings! ("Silver Wings.")

The propellers of the five airplanes spun lazily in the afternoon sun, the motors humming a low song for the great crowd gathered about the field. ("Wings of Speed.")

The wind-muffled roar of a cannon echoed across the blue tropical ocean and frightened a flock of tiny gemlike parrakeets into flight. ("Pirate Island.")

That is how they go, from the frontispiece, "The U. S. Air Mail," through "The Octopus" picture—"Its tentacles, some four feet in length, writhed about him"—to the fun budget near the close of the 240 pages.

The Scouts' versatile mentor, Dan Beard, is present with a number of "How to do it" articles pertinent to the themes of the book; there are articles relative to the conquests of Lindbergh and Commander Byrd; Lindbergh, sponsor of technical preparedness by the Scouts' aviation branch, delivers a greeting.

He is one of nineteen Honorary Scouts. The Hall of Fame of the Boy Scouts of America is decidedly not a free-for-all.

THE BLACKSMITH AND THE BLACKBIRDS. By EDITH RICBERT. Pictures by JAMES DAUGHERTY. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. 75 cents.

A HAT-TUB TALE. By CAROLINE D. EMERSON. Drawings by LOIS LENSKI. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.25.

Reviewed by HUGH LOFTING.

AFTER all, speaking generally, it is safe to say that it is not hard to amuse children—the younger children, children of the ages for which the two books above are presumably intended. For one thing, young children love repetition. Simplicity, ease of comprehension, directness help greatly too. Anyone, with a reasonably good personal approach to the younger generation, who has had a nursery left on his hands for a not too long afternoon, will admit with pride what "a good time was had by all."

And when it comes to making books for children, the same to a large extent holds good, *provided* one is only thinking in short terms of time and of the more transient kinds of *divertissements*. It does not require a very accomplished entertainer to take the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, throw in a few words with a gibberish doggerel verse or two to accompany the best selected illustrations (preferably the colored ones) and give a youngster a perfectly grand time while the interminable pages turn. All generalities about children, however, are necessarily fraught with peril; it is only the average that is here referred to.

Granted then, that it is easy to entertain the small people with plenty of simplicity, repetition, and color. But what is the result achieved? You keep them from crying; you make them forget fatigue, perhaps; you prevent them from quarreling. But is the intrinsic value of your entertainment measured in terms of comparative permanence and literature? That is another question. In these days of over-production and excess printing it would emphatically seem that each and every book out should have a *raison d'être*. If a book for children is a good picture-book, then it has a reason for being; if it is funny, then it has justification for being published; if it is fantastic and imaginative; if it is romantic (in the better sense of that word); if it is a good "trick" book, with, perhaps, clever cut-out schemes and puzzle contrivances; if it is a real literary landmark in children's reading—for any of these reasons, and some others, a book can justify its publication.

But, alas! there are nowadays (and there always have been) many publishers who feel that for children, because they are easily entertained—anything will do. So will the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Try it on your child, preferably with a singing accompaniment to the colored illustrations.

Alas, also, there are many people with a chronic, recurrent, literary urge who are liable suddenly to determine between tea-time and supper that they should write a book for children. This form of creative intoxication need not necessarily be harmful; (indeed, it must be admitted that once in a blue moon, when the blue moon was at the full) something worthwhile has evolved from such wild debauches. But the astonishing thing is that the publishers are willing to print so many of the meaningless results. It should be self-evident that, barring a tiny percentage of exception, you cannot write a good book for children between tea-time and supper, unless you

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have been chewing over the material for it weeks and months beforehand, unless in fact, it is already written in your head.

The two books above mentioned are very good examples for comparison between modern illustrators and modern writers for children. In both the pictures are good; in both the reading matter is mediocre. In his illustrations and designs for "The Blacksmith and the Blackbirds," James Daugherty has done an exceptionally fine work. They alone will make this "picture-book" a worthy addition to any nursery library.

As for "The Hat-Tub Tale," the same is largely true, only that in this case the illustrations occupy a very much smaller proportion of the printed area. Once in a while Caroline Emerson's story acquires a quality worthy of mention; but such occasions are rare, and it is a great pity that the work of that gifted artist, Lois Lenski, is not given more space and emphasis in the format.

It is true, of course, that on the whole it is easier to illustrate a story well than to create a good narrative, but that does not alter the fact, that craft for craft, the illustrators for children today are a long way ahead of the writers for children. And it would appear that the main cause of that phenomenon is that the illustrators take greater pains to produce good work.

THE BASTABLE CHILDREN. By E. NESBIT. Preface by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Coward-McCann. 1928. $3.

FOR the price of an ordinary volume and half, young readers may procure, in "The Bastable Children," three full length children's books, "The Treasure Seekers," "The Would-Be-Goods," and "The New Treasure Seekers," all by a past-mistress of the art of writing for the young, namely she whose real name was Mrs. Bland and whose pen-name, "E. Nesbit" has been a name to conjure with through several generations, both here and in England. For Mrs. Bland was an Englishwoman, and wrote about English children, and in spite of that so many now older American "children" have come under her spell in their youth that at last an American publisher has produced a great plum-cake of a book of three of her best long narratives.

"E. Nesbit" always made her children entirely human and adventurous. That is why any English-speaking child immediately takes to them. They club together, also, as actual children do. And if they speak in an essentially British way, that is soon forgotten,—for they are always children the average active youngster would like to meet and play with, and they have imaginations. Life, even in its small incidents, is immensely exciting to them. They are always getting into "fixes" and getting out of them. Each of the Bastable children emerges with a distinct personality. We get to know exactly what attitude Oswald, for instance, is going to take toward any adventure, and how Alice and Noel are going to act. There is plenty of drama and lots of fun. And, praise God, the old original Gordon Browne illustrations are all through this pleasing tome, with others that we cannot think so successful, both old and new. It is part of any truly educated child's equipment to know what you mean when you say "E. Nesbit." We can only hope that other of her more fantastic narratives of the Psamead and the Magic Carpet, may be gathered together in a subsequent volume as generous in proportions as this one.

A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN. By ROSE FYLEMAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

ONE expects grace and fantasy from Rose Fyleman if one knows her verses for children. This is a book that children, little girls particularly, will adore, and, what is more, the amiable parent who reads it aloud will adore it too. It is delicate and satiric without being either sentimental or over-sophisticated. It is the story of a princess who got very tired of living in a fairy-tale—more than a little bored with godmothers and balls and enchanted castles and princes. She has a leave of absence from Fairyland and comes to a sleepy English village, quite incognito, but equipped with a wallet presented by her godmother which contains all the major fairy necessities, an inexhaustible pot, a shining dress, a magic purse, a cloak of invisibility and a make-things-come-alive wand. (We particularly liked the use she made of the latter when she brought a statue of Queen Victoria off its perch for a bit of a stretch.)

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Margaret Ayer Barnes

Deft and brilliant stories, told with unusual vitality and keenest of perception. A book about sophisticated people, written for sophisticated readers.
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Godfrey Elton

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TOILERS of the HILLS

Vardis Fisher

"This amazing tale flows out as simply as breath, as naturally as the light filling the stubborn sage brush of those terrifying hills." *Julia Peterkin, author of "Black April."* $2.50

BLACK SADIE

T. Bowyer Campbell

She set New York wild with a new jazz step. "Staccato, succinct, successful, and amusing."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.50

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Alain-Fournier

The American Booksellers Association Book Selection for December. "My favorite of all French novels." *Anne Douglas Sedgwick.* (Ready Dec. 1.)
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Roma 4 maggio 1928 - Anno VI

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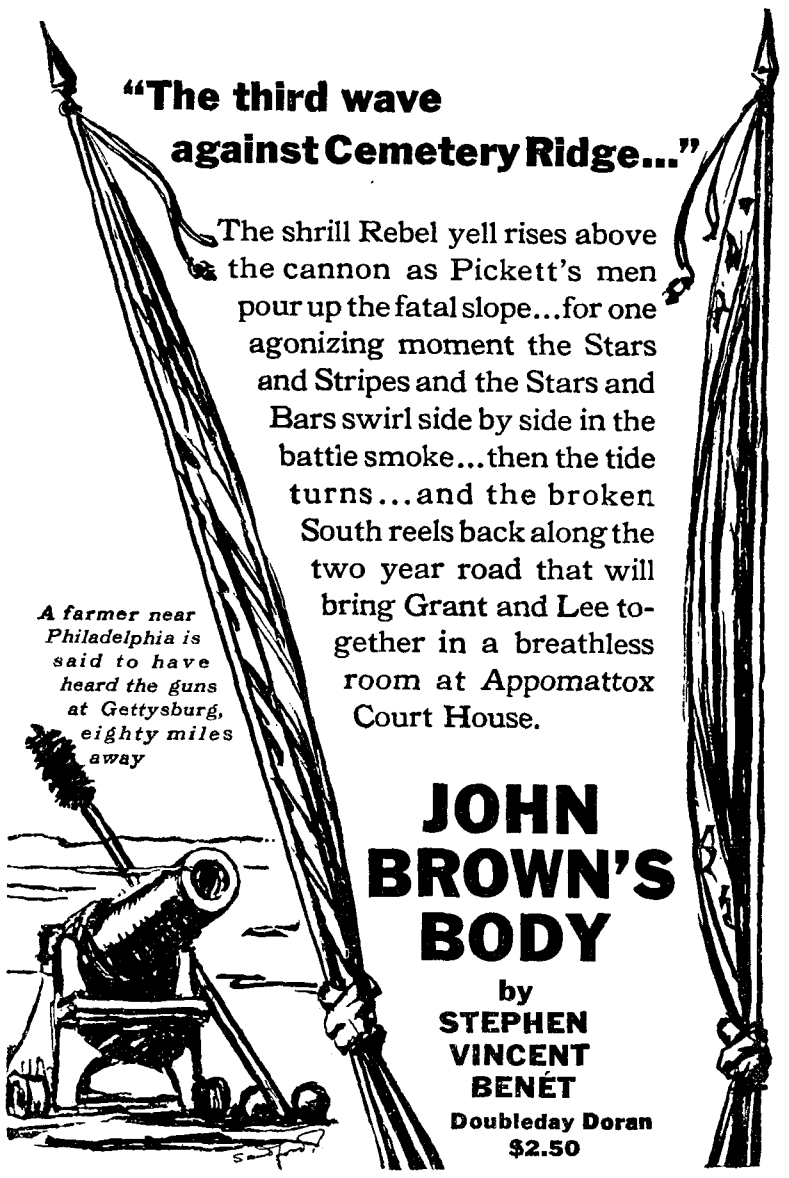
"The third wave against Cemetery Ridge..."
The shrill Rebel yell rises above the cannon as Pickett's men pour up the fatal slope...for one agonizing moment the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars swirl side by side in the battle smoke...then the tide turns...and the broken South reels back along the two year road that will bring Grant and Lee together in a breathless room at Appomattox Court House.
A farmer near Philadelphia is said to have heard the guns at Gettysburg, eighty miles away
JOHN BROWN'S BODY
by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
Doubleday Doran
$2.50

Kathleen Norris
says: "Corti's
Maximilian and Charlotte of Mexico

is the book of a decade. It stands head and shoulders over any book I have seen in years. As history, as romance, as letters, as autobiography and as a stirring human document, I don't know what to compare to it!

"Of course it is only when something like a revolution gives such documents to the public that we can see royalty stripped of its dignity, stripped of decent coverings and excuses—and how thrilling it is. That poor bewildered well-intentioned royal bungler, the brother-bungler in Paris, the public as usual rapturously investing its hoarded money, and the two women playing at Queenship like two little girls with tablecloths around their waists—it is all too amazing, and the two fat volumes far too short. The whole period is there, and it's a period of which we have too little."

Egon Caesar Count Corti's
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Children's Book Week at E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.

To Parents, Teachers, Librarians and Booksellers:

Here they are all gayly assembled in their best bib and tucker—Christopher Robin and Winnie-The-Pooh heading the list as usual—Ghond and Gay-Neck battling for first place, with MacKinstry's Santa Claus in his beautiful new dress in THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS running a close race. In fact, we have so many charming and beautiful books that it is impossible in this short space to list them all, but be sure to watch for our *full-page advertisement of Children's Books in The Saturday Review of Literature, November 17th.*

And do you know that in the last three years two of our books have walked off with the Newbery Medal for being the outstanding contribution of that year to Children's Literature? In 1926, SHEN OF THE SEA by Arthur Bowie Chrisman received it and in 1928 the medal was awarded to GAY-NECK by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

The Children's Bookshop

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Gleams of Progress

By MARY GRAY

I WONDER how many readers of this department shudder at the very mention of "Sunday School Books" and shun them with far more prejudice than they would feel for the propaganda of Revolutionary Reds. Perhaps three-fourths, perhaps nine-tenths, are so minded and therefore remain in ignorance of the gleams of progress that have recently entered this field.

Our typical parent-readers have probably had some such experience as the following: they have been bored to death by some Sunday School to which they were forced to go in their youth, or have gone through an intensely painful disillusionment in giving up the narrow doctrines which they were taught in childhood under the name of religion, and therefore have vowed not to subject their children to a like misery. Not having thought out for themselves any very positive or militant religion they are content to withdraw from all forms of religious organization rather than fight the encrusted ranks of conservatism who pay the bills for lighting and heating the churches.

At home they omit family prayers, grace at meals, and all mention of religious beliefs whatsoever, hoping that the childrens' minds may thus face life's problems unhampered by all the superstitions which have caused them so much trouble to overcome.

This, however, is not so easily accomplished. Nature abhors a vacuum. From Grandmother, or the Cook, or the funny papers, from goodness knows where, the spongy minds of children absorb curious ideas and if father or mother will not answer questions about the universe someone else will. Then father, or probably mother, decides that the *laissez-faire* policy will not do any longer and tries to give the questioning five-year old some simple leaves from her own abridged book of philosophy, if happily she has one. "No, dear, God is not like that picture, God is within you." To which he instantly counters "Then when I take a drink of water does it go on God?" and Mother realizes that this teaching business is not going to be so simple as she thought.

Moreover as the child waxes strong he does not necessarily wax in favor with the home and school. Careful plans are laid with teachers and perhaps coöperating psychologists to try to make the youngster conform to the ideals of the social group which he is to occupy, but somewhere along the line the whys of those ideals will have to be explained, which brings them all around to philosophy, or religion again, which ever one choses to call it. By this time the parents would probably welcome the aid of a broad-minded Sunday School teacher if they thought such existed, but they doubt it. Having seen all the progressive thinkers of their acquaintance leave the church as they themselves have done, they naturally suppose that within the walls thinking has stood still, or gone backwards with the same old denominational lesson paper material and curriculum.

Fortunately this is not so. The yeast of progressive ideas drawn from science and the newer methods of teaching has been working in certain parts of the organized Christian ranks and some good constructive work has been accomplished in the last few years. For the parent in search of material for religious instruction we will mention a few good books.

For the little tots there are now numerous beautifully illustrated Bible Story books in which the stories are frankly presented as Hebrew folk lore with very little bearing upon the moral life of children today. "Old Testament Stories" retold by Eulalic Osgood Grover (Little, Brown & Co. Boston. 1927. $2.50) is a simple narrative without many pictures. But the latest comer in this field is called "From Now to Adam," by J. Brett Longstaff, illustrated by Luxor Price, (Harper Bros. $5.00) and is a very fanciful introduction to the characters and setting of the Old Testament through the medium of a little boy's dream. It is intended to arouse childish interest in the Bible and surround it with the glamour of romance rather than to give any clear idea of the stories themselves. Beautifully gotten up and illustrated, it will fascinate any imaginative child from six to twelve, but we would advise for such a child a subsequent dose of the picture-map book reviewed recently in these columns, called "The Graphic Bible," by Lewis Browne (Macmillan Company. 1928). An excellent volume of prayers and verses for very young children which is pertinent to their own problems by Gwendoline Watts, "The Childrens' Kingdom" (Knopf, $2.), was reviewed in these columns last winter, and there are also the first courses in the International Closely Graded Lessons of the Pilgrim Press.

For the eight year olds we have seen nothing as suggestive as Janet Perkins' "At School with the Great Teacher" (Pilgrim Press, 1924, $2.50) which is a record of a series of lessons given to two different groups of third-graders and their reactions to them. It could easily be used as a text book with necessary variations by any parent with children about this age.

The nine, ten, and eleven year-olds are grouped together in modern Sunday schools and called the "Juniors." For them the "International Closely Graded Lessons" have just been revised along progressive lines and are published in cheap pamphlet form as quarterlies by the Pilgrim Press. The material is fresh and by careful testing has been suited to the proper ages by the experienced teachers who have compiled it. Course IV corresponding to the fourth grade, is by Marion O. Hawthorne, while Josephine Baldwin writes an excellent series of hero tales for Course V and May Alice Jones follows in Course VI with a little more self-analysis brought out from simple everyday stories. It is to be hoped that the wealth of material may be put in book form later for use in the home library.

The Abingdon Press has a series of bound books meant for religious instruction with a liberal slant and some suggestions for projected work. Though not so up to date as the one we have just mentioned its volumes make excellent collateral reading even when not used as texts. In this series Miss Mary Lee Frazier, who was something of a pioneer in this work herself, writes an interesting series of Old and New Testament Stories called "Followers of the Marked Trail," 1921, which can be followed by hero stories called "Rules of the Game," by Floyd Lamberton, 1920, and, for the older children who like history, an excellent account of "Hebrew Life and Times," by Harold B. Hunting, 1921. By the same author, but published by Scribner in 1914 under the Bible Study Union Lessons, we have an account of the authors of the Bible and how they happened to write it, called "The Story of Our Bible," suitable for High School age or even for early in the college career. It is historically accurate, but told in a vivid narrative form.

Dean Hodges's imaginative accounts of the early years of Christ's life for children are fairly well known. There is a similar volume which appeals to the nine and ten year old boys called "The Boy Jesus and his Companions," by Rufus Jones (The MacMillan Co., 1924). After twelve the ideals of citizenship may be stressed. A little book by Mary E. Richmond called "The Good Neighbor and the City Streets" (Lippincott, Philadelphia. 1907), applying the parable of the Good Samaritan to your own town, can be used as a text with visits to hospitals, orphanages, etc., as the real subject matter. Where this book is not quite up-to-date it can be supplemented by the teacher. "Jesus's Ideals of Living" by Walter Fiske in the Abingdon Press Series, 1922, is a good starting point for discussions with serious minded older children, and Maud Royden's Books, especially the last, "I believe in God" (Harper Bros. 1927) has fine material on the science and Religion questions from the modern Christian's point of view. This with Harry Emerson Fosdick's books brings us into college age and so around back to the perplexed parent again. For the parent, whether he is actually trying to teach or not, I would strongly recommend "Case Studies for Teachers of Religion," by Goodwin B. and Gladys H. Watson (Association Press. New York. $3.00). Goodwin Watson is Instructor in Educational Psychology at Teacher's College, Columbia University, and he has purposely arranged his bock with cross references between cases and opinions so as to make classes of teachers do some real studying, but the more superficially minded parent who cares to read through the cases first and then the "Source Quotations," will still get a tremendous stimulus to his thinking.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Juvenile

A LITTLE GIRL OF NINETEEN HUNDRED. By LOIS LENSKI. Stokes. 1928. $2.50.

This ought to be a much more charming story for children than it is. Its period is the turn of the century, and we imagine that it will be more interesting to parents who were growing up in the 'nineties than to their 1928 children. Miss Lenski has made ingenious use of historical materials and we at least got a great deal of enjoyment out of remembering things that she calls to mind,—the black bands around the papers when President McKinley was shot, for instance, and one's mothers saying, "Poor Mrs. McKinley." We envied Flora Baxter, who was frightened almost to death by her first ride in a horseless carriage. We never rode in one until they had been made safe for democracy, and being frightened to death as an adult hasn't many thrills. It is rather a test of the quality of writing if a grown-up can read a book written, too obviously, for the young, with genuine emotion and pleasure. Our question is whether the audience for which it is written will not find it a slow moving chronicle of a pompous and somewhat stuffy decade.

THE WATER ELF AND THE MILLER'S CHILD. By MARGARET BAKER. Illustrated by MARY BAKER. Duffield. 1928. $2.

The escapades of a water elf will prove entertaining to very young children. This is not an important addition to the juvenile library, but it is sure to be a welcome one. The author has used familiar material—not much more fantastic than many of the Cornish legends of elves and hobgoblins which one runs across to-day—but she has used it freshly and with taste. The drawings are excellent.

RICE TO RICE PUDDING AND OTHER PICTURE TALES. By JANET SMALLEY. Morrow. 1928.

This is a gayly decorated and illustrated book for very small folk, presenting the genesis of some of the staples of their existence in the repetitive fashion of the House That Jack Built. Its drawings are both charming and amusing, and especially effective are those rendered in green and white, or green and black.

FAMILIAR BIRDS. By JULIUS KING. Nelson. 1928.

This slim volume contains some fourteen or fifteen admirable color illustrations of birds of our fields and woods with accompanying descriptive data and verses that translate the scientific content of the latter into a form more palatable for children. Woven into the effective background supplied in pale ink for the birds is a bar of music presenting their characteristic notes. The book is quite charming, and while it should be regarded primarily as a useful guide for children mature enough to wish to recognize by name the songsters of their neighborhood, it has the secondary merit of being an excellent picture book for the very young.

CANDLE LIGHT STORIES. Selected and edited by VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON. With drawings by LOIS LENSKI. Minton, Balch. 1928. $2.50.

This collection is desirable for small children who are beginning to read to themselves and for small children whose mothers want them to begin to read to themselves! Indeed, it is especially designed for that purpose. The tales are lively, humorous folk and fairy tales drawn from standard sources, and in most cases slightly and wisely adapted by the editor. The illustrations are by Lois Lenski, done gayly and appreciatively and copiously, and last but by no means least, the type is big. Big print adds more than most editors think to the pleasure of small readers, and this alone would make the book a welcome one.

MARY AND PETER IN ITALY. By ELEANOR BARTON. Nelson. 1927.

After the rush of summer touring abroad comes the rush of books about summer-touring-abroad. But Miss Barton has not written "just another travel book about Italy." She has done more than that, she has shown us how Mary and Peter lived in Italy. It is not just a sight-seeing trip through innumerable churches and museums, but life in a large apartment of a stone house in Rome, with a real "scaldino" in each room and a garden where (as Peter says) "You have breakfast under the sunshade in February."

These two English children accompanied by their Aunt Win or by Simonetta, the general manager of the household, visit many of the homes of the neighborhood and make friends with both the signori and the peasants. They thrill at the sight of thousands of sheep setting out in the early dawn for the "Maremma," they stand as spectators at a typical Sicilian christening, and are awed in the presence of the "Presepio" at Christmas time. Nothing is left unseen. Both Granny and Aunt Win know a great deal about Italy and the Italians, and Simonetta is always ready to explain what they cannot.

Scattered through the volume are many sayings and proverbs that will help the American readers to understand some of the peculiarities of the Italians. The book is especially appropriate as supplementary school reading and will make a delightful Christmas gift. Miss Barton has written a very good book, sincere and true to Italy and Italian life. If at times the children ask too many questions, the delightful answers more than atone for this.

THE HAPPY HOUR BOOKS. The Little Red Hen. The Old Woman and the Crooked Sixpence. Three Little Kittens. The Story of the Three Bears. The Golden Goose. The Nonsense A. B. C. Macmillan. 1928. 50 cents.

The new "Happy Hour Books" are jolly little affairs, old and familiar stories dressed up with new illustrations, and sometimes with new endings to meet the demands of modern child psychology. It is not always an improvement to offer a substitute for the long-accepted legend, but we confess we were glad to know that Mother Fox and her son were not scalded to death, nor even burned a little bit, just because they wanted a tasty chicken dinner. It always seemed a pity to dispose of them so thoroughly, for a fox is a much more engaging person than a hen, anyway. The gem of the series is "The Golden Goose," with its delightful and amusing pictures by Mary Lott Seaman. The usual small format of this series is as before charming, convenient, and well-planned.

A BOOK OF ENCHANTMENT. Compiled by KATHLEEN ADAMS and FRANCIS ELIZABETH ATCHINSON. With decorations by LOIS LENSKI. New York: Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

It is a wonder that so many collections of fairy tales as appear year by year can possibly be assimilated. Children's books, however, are physically short-lived, especially where fairy tales are concerned, and there are constantly new generations of children. So each new collection finds a sympathetic audience.

This group of stories, with the exception of "Circe's Palace" and "The Tinder Box," will be new to most children. Some of them, such as the "Enchanted Stag" and the "Enchanted Knight," take place during that fascinating period when saint and fairy met with no feeling of inappropriateness. The others come from such various countries as Persia, Arabia, Ireland, and Spain, and form indeed a book of enchantment.

Lois Lenski's illustrations add as always very much to the attractiveness of the book. She has devised some line drawings for the medieval stories which suggest the Bayeux Tapestry and are particularly charming.

At the risk of seeming pedantic we are going to ask for fuller information on the subject of sources. Who for intsance is responsible for this version of the debonair tale of the "Enchanted Soldier"? It would not be very difficult to make full acknowledgements in a book of this kind, and it would give such satisfaction to the reader.

JACK AND SUSAN STORIES. By FRANCES M. DARBY. Macmillan. 1928. 80 cents.

The "Jack and Susan Stories," from the City and Country School, are excellent for the little beginners in reading who have ac-

(*Continued on next page*)

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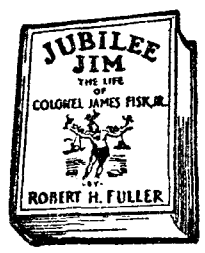
—but follow it to your bookstore!

Each month the Editorial Board chooses one book—an important and readable book—and suggests it to you as representative of good reading. The Board is composed of well-known critics and prominent booksellers, Harry Hansen, Inez Haynes Irwin, Marion Dodd, and Joseph A. Margolies.

The BookSelection is for busy people who like to read, but haven't time to "keep up" with book news. But there's no obligation about it—you sign no dotted lines!

The BookSelection for November



Strong - minded people who like to pick their own books right off the shelves will appreciate the BookSelection. For you don't have to take the Editors' word for it.

You can go to your bookstore and look at it yourself while you are shopping for other books you want to read.

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

quired a small vocabulary in their first year and now want stories that will hold their interest and not be too difficult to enjoy. Frances Darby has used simple words and frequently repeated them to fix them in the child's mind, and at the end of the book are questions on each tale to test the child's comprehension. These are an invaluable help to both teacher and child, for many children read only to get through one book and into another as fast as possible in order to be ahead of Betty or Peggy, and either have no idea of what they have read or, if they have, cannot relate the story clearly.

PAMMY AND HIS FRIENDS. By ELEANOR TROXELL. Scribners. 1928.

This is a very good book for first grade children. The sentences are short at first, but increase in difficulty as they should in a book to be used for school work. The stories are just what children love—about animals—and the fact that the school plays a large part increases the interest. The book should be bought widely for school use. There are one or two sentences of doubtful grammar, but this is a quibble.

THE RED CAPE. By RACHEL M. VARBLE, with illustrations by HENRIETTA ADAMS MCCLURE. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

There are still some little girls—we know one or two—who have had romantic longings to be a princess, not a fairytale one but a real one. To such the story of this little fugitive princess, Fay, heiress to a small Balkan kingdom overtaken by revolution, will appeal because it reads like a possibly true story, and because the princess herself is such a likable, self-reliant, and adventurous young person. Determined to earn her living instead of relying on the friends who first give her shelter, she gets a job in a dress shop and afterwards as housemaid in a school kept for American girls by two New England spinsters. This is a well-constructed tale, a little out of the usual in setting, realistically written, and with enough growing-up interest to satisfy the rather difficult reader of eleven or twelve.

ST. DAVID WALKS AGAIN. By CHRISTINE JOPE SLADE. Harpers. 1928. $1.60.

The author has written a little story in which she hopes to show how young vitality and hope can bring new faith into a worn-out world. But as her young hero is made to deal with a situation of mawkish sentimentality and flimsy fantasy, it is no wonder that he stays lifeless and the point is lost. It takes so much more than rosy hope to animate a theme like this, and it is bad to have children presented with the idea that miracles are facile things.

WINDING ROADS. By WILHELMINA HARPER and AYMER HAMILTON. Macmillan. 1928.

It is a congenial and loving task to make a collection for children, but one that requires a sympathy and discriminating intelligence not always evident. "Winding Roads" is a book made of just right stories, and the many delightful illustrations by the understanding Petershams add a large part of the charm. It would have been more acceptable, however, in our opinion, if the compilers had put this wealth of material into two books instead of one. When a child has too many Christmas presents the opening of them after a while loses its zest, there is such an urge to go on before each gift has been really appreciated, and the same result obtains where there are so many short stories heaped into one volume. Beginning a new book brings a joyous interest and absorption to a child, and a feeling of richness and achievement when it is completed, and for young children a book should never fail to make this appeal.

PREVAILING WINDS. By MARGARET AYER BARNES. Houghton, Mifflin. 1928. $2.

The prevailing wind that blows over this collection of short stories appears to be wafted westward from the sensual skies of the east. Even with our American affected cyninism we confess, when pressed to the wall, an unconquerable inclination for that sort of living which has its roots deep in the earth of simplicity and conduct free from pose. It is sometimes very agreeable to read a tale which has the hall marks of complete "sophistication." Taken like a drink of Chianti, as a variant from ordinary beverages, it is perfectly innocuous. One "sophisticated" short story, or several written by different authors, from varying points of view, furnish spiritual refreshment. But it is questionable whether a collection from one writer—unless he be a genius—can be of sufficient power to stand close scrutiny. In this collection, "Set A Thief to Catch A Thief" is possibly the most original. Yet it is not a thing one would care to read twice. This may be said of any story which merely endeavors to criticize a single phase of life. Cleverly, "smartly" written, there is considerable about this volume.

DOÑA ISABELLA'S ADVENTURES. By GLADYS BLAKE. Appleton. 1928. $1.75.

Books telling of knightly encounters and romantic rescues of maidens imprisoned by dragons and giants have always made thrilling reading, and young Isabella, lady-in-waiting to the queen of Philip II of Spain, filled her head with the adventures of Amadis of Gaul and his numerous sons. Living at the splendid, gloomy court of the Escorial, it was easy for her to picture the world as full of chivalrous heroes and cunning enchanters, magic wands and flying carpets; indeed, so many people of Spain at that time read and believed these fabulous romances that they were banned by Church and State as being harmful to the imagination.

Isabella and her vivacious little friend, Ana, leave the court and, after a trip on muleback to the south of the kingdom, believe themselves to be held prisoners in a fortified castle above an old Moorish village. They place their faith in a champion named Don Miguel de Cervantes, an ingenious young man who contrives their ridiculous escape and guards their wanderings through varied perils that exist only in their fancy-fed imaginations; and by these extravagant misadventures the girls are cured of their fantastic notions.

Gladys Blake, an experienced writer of stories for girls, has here presented a pleasing semi-historical tale full of stirring incident and rich gaiety. Her characterization of the young soldier who was later to give the world the encounters of the sorrowful knight of La Mancha is particularly enjoyable.

MIRROR OF YOUTH. By MARIAN KING. Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.

This is an anthology which partitions the reactions of youth under seven headings. Going backwards, for we finished the book, we were disappointed in the slight offering from Negro songs and spirituals when such vivid poetry has sung from racial experience to youthful poetry-lovers during the recent ten years. Where Banners Unfurl showed the same parsimony in the midst of plenty. We were given poems uprisen from crises and triumphs and—less the public schools fail us—"America," "The Star Spangled Banner," etc. Rupert Brooke, Sassoon, and others to whom the war came as it particularly comes to youth, do not seem to deserve the space. Golden Numbers are psalms, hymns, and poems of earnest humility. The wistfulness of Christina Rossetti is more dwelt upon than "Now I Lay Me." (Youth prays less constrainedly after the age of ten).

Fancy, Jest, and Jollity feels at times like Eeyore's interpretation of a party. There seems no jollity in the presence of Lear, Shakespeare, Lewis Carroll, Mother Goose, and Emily Dickinson, though one is lightly amused and graciously pleased. Dreams and Visions is more nearly related to the young. Here speak Brooke, Kipling, Masefield, Housman, Yeats, De la Mare, Whitman and Mrs. Browning; here play the varying fires of youth against the previous ashes. Youth, Love, and Adventure still hold this dominant gleam even through a few dotage simplicities of Wordsworth and the inevitible "Come Into The Garden, Maude." The Great Out-of-Doors with Whitman, Blake, Robert Herrick, Shelley, Lord Byron, Hovey, and other widely different interpreters, conveys youth's inner rythmic consciousness most comprehensively.

But throughout most of the book, does Youth have to adopt a pre-determined state-of-mind to accept it as mirror? We think Youth does.

To our knowledge the only anthology which consistently lies within the confines of Youth as we know it now—but which makes no such pretensions—is "Poetry of To-day," compiled by Michels and Shoup.

Miss King is as sympathetic with the mid-Victorian as with the modern youth. There is no such composite. So, for either view, this book holds a most imperfect reflection.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed *to* MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

Since I sent to press the first instalment of titles for the equipment of two circulating book clubs, several other such organizations have asked for fiction lists. They are asked to accept the following in lieu of a personal letter.

A READING-CIRCLE beginning, as most of them this year will do, with Galsworthy's "Swan Song" (Scribner), will have an unparalleled opportunity to study social England under the Forsytes. Nothing else touches it in breadth and representative value—"Swan Song" not only gives the finishing touch to the structure of the Forsyte Saga, but takes down the scaffolding and lets the reader see what has been building for all these volumes back of it. But Clemence Dane's "The Babyons" (Doubleday) comes as nearly as any English book to taking second place as a family chronicle. This haunted and haunting house lasted from the first George to the king before this: in the English edition their story was told in one thick, closely-printed volume, but in America it appears in four tidy little books side by side in a box—an arrangement greatly to their advantage. As I have begun with English novels, let me place with these an extraordinary new one—a first effort, but this one would never guess-called "Nettle Harvest," by Sylvia Denys Hooke (Doubleday, Doran), in which a woman who has dodged life for forty-four years sets out to find it away from home. So far this plot has been used in several unimportant romances: the distinctive feature of this novel is that when Miss Jane Porter runs into reality she finds it most disconcerting to a well-brought-up mind. Life is far too alive for this timid adventurer and she goes gratefully back to comfort, leaving these inexplicable lovers to their dear pain and the swords they so strangely covet for their bosoms.

Another excellent and unusual story from England is Hilda Vaughn's "The Invader" (Harper), unusual because we seldom get stories of Welsh character at once truthful and sympathetic. This Englishwoman who inherits a Welsh farm on which a Welsh farmer had set his life's hope, has a terrific time getting anything done for her by the countryside and is at last frankly run off the place—but one sees in the business a strong survival of race qualities, and anyway, had not the native so far considered the house his own as to install a bathroom provided with every modern improvement except water? "War among Ladies," by Eleanor Scott (Little, Brown), is a grim record of teaching in a girls' high school, its faculty politics, and the tragedy of trying to hold on till pension eligibility. The only time I have found this field open in fiction before this was in the first—and I believe the best, novel of Mathilde Eiker—"Mrs. Mason's Daughters," which goes to show that school politics are found not only in the British Isles. "Twopence Coloured," by Patrick Hamilton (Little, Brown), which has a style as near De Morgan's as may be, indirect quotation and all, is an honest brave tale of a girl's career in the minor theatres of London. "A Man of the Midland," by Bruce Beddow, is a departure from the familiar setting of the British novel, too often within the limits of a few London streets: this man grows up in a mining community, and I shall keep my eye open for anything else this newcomer may write. Maurice Baring's "When They Love" (Doubleday, Doran) may, as the jacket says, derive from a poem by Browning about a "light woman," but the loving Jenny True seems to me uncommonly like a modern version of Emma Hamilton, if Emma's circumstances had been quite different. At any rate, she does the same "attitudes" draped in shawls, with Emma's authentic charm.

We are doing our best to provide ourselves with social surveys of America in fiction form, but we are taking one section at a time, this season's attention being for the most part directed on the South. T. S. Stribling's "Bright Metal" (Doubleday, Doran), is mainly valuable, for instance, for the fidelity—not unsympathetic—with which he sets forth life in the same Tennessee mountains that still, according to this book, shelter Teeftallow. A young bride a little better than Carol Kennicott tries her futile best on a community a great deal worse than Main Street; if she decides to stay there for good on the last page, one suspects slight compulsion on the part of the author. The southern outlook in Maristan Chapman's "The Happy Mountain" (Viking) is far more cheerful; the style is unusual, and altogether it is a book to be taken under consideration in any review of the year's fiction. In Stark Young's "The Torches Flare" (Scribners) the far South appears in contrast with Greenwich Village and indirectly with Italy. In Elliott Crayton McCants's "White Oak Farm" (Longmans), which lies just far enough back to be both contemporary and historical, the interest is in the second period of reconstruction in the South, culminating in industrial and agricultural rebirth. These are not all our social studies, however: "Our Daily Bread," by Frederick Philip Grove (Macmillan), is a sober chronicle of a Saskatchewan farmer whose children "grow away from him" in what were to have been the dividend-years of his long struggle. Norman Matson's "Day of Fortune" (Century) concerns a Norwegian immigrant family that has grown up in a middle-western factory town. "Cock Pit," by James Gould Cozzens (Morrow), takes place in Cuba and is so breathlessly crowded with politics and crime and general ructions that I have scarce dared to put sugar on my cereal since, lest it explode.

The strong impression made on the reading public by Morley Callaghan's "Strange Fugitive" (Scribner) leads one to watch this young man's future with acute interest. Evidently Louis Bromfield's future from now on will be something quite different from anything that sprang from "The Green Bay Tree." He now, in "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" (Stokes) substitutes pattern for plot according to the tendency of the vanguard, and combines life after life, from times and places far from one another, in its intricate and brilliant mosaic. It is not hard to guess the book with which all reviews will compare this: I may as well be the one reviewer who does not do it. Glenway Wescott's "Good-bye Wisconsin" (Harper) develops by the same device of pattern instead of plot, but without weaving it so closely as in "The Grandmothers"; indeed, a few years ago this would have been listed as a collection of short stories, and I am not sure now that it is not. It is evidently a boundary book, but into what pasture Mr. Wescott will now stray is not evident: one infers, however, that he will always be looking wistfully over the bars of any nation in which he may be temporarily tethered.

We come out strong for satire in two novels, "The Bishop's Wife," by Robert Nathan (Bobbs-Merrill) in which a Francian angel is sent to assist in the building of a modern cathedral, and Anne Parrish's presentation, in "All Kneeling" (Harper), of an author whose life-aim is to induce this attitude in her *entourage.* It is steadily and undeniably funny, but one wonders if it is altogether advisable to use a gatling gun to kill a mosquito. It is, however, most entertaining reading, which is more than can be said for the treatment of a self-made saint in "The Lady of Stainless Raiment," by Mathilde Eiker (Doubleday, Doran). I can no longer defer mentioning that Edith Wharton, author of "Ethan Frome" and "The Old Maid," has written something called "The Children" (Appleton), and I see no reason why this deplorable mess should not be a best-seller.

Historical novels, old and new model, are riding in on the popularity of "Power" and other recent successes. "General Crack," by George Preedy (Dodd, Mead) should have an even wider welcome here than in England this summer: it is a picaresque romance in which characters who lived long enough ago to have plenty of dust on the frames of their portraits, re-live adventures far from dusty. "Trenck, the Lovestory of a Favorite" (Knopf) is another of Bruno Frank's novels of Frederick the Great's time. "The Defeat," from the German of Ricard Huch (Knopf), is concerned with Garibaldi and is the first volume of a long novel about the *risorgimento.* "The Lively Peggy," Stanley Weyman's last novel (Longmans), and "Guyfford of Weare," by Jeffery Farnol (Little, Brown), are costume romances of the early eighteenth century, the former having to do with the Napoleonic wars.

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Book Note from Chapel Hill

John Livingston Lowes Explodes a Fallacy

In his stimulating foreword to LIBERTY IN THE MODERN WORLD by the late George Bryan Logan, Jr.,* Mr. Lowes declares that this author's experiences should disprove the fallacy that the life of adventure and the world of books belong apart. George Logan lived and breathed adventure and excitement, but he also lived and breathed in the world of books, and his full, but brief career proves how "the two may go hand in hand." It was natural that after years of service in the War (long before America entered it), he should have turned to an appraisal of the things he fought for and of the status of freedom in a world apparently trying to crush it. It was natural, too, that he should write his conclusions with point and zest.

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—Virgilia Peterson Ross, in *The New York Herald Tribune*.

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ISAIAH THOMAS

FROM Douglas McMurtrie, Chicago, came four small pamphlets dealing with minor items extracted from the Isaiah Thomas papers in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester. The most interesting of these deals with Thomas's pocket Bible of 1797, which was set in type (newly cast for the purpose by Fry) in London, and the pages shipped to Thomas at Worcester. Fry's estimate of the expense as given in a hitherto unpublished letter was £1444, a considerable sum to invest in one book. But the advantage of having the type standing is apparent, as the Bible was reprinted in 1798, 1799, and 1800. Two other titles are concerned with two of Thomas's early abortive attempts to set up printing offices, at Wilmington, N.C., in 1766, and in Bermuda in 1772. The fourth pamphlet is a reprint of a Philadelphia price-list of printing of 1752.

R.

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JOHN LANE.

NOTES

THE September number of the *Hound and Horn*, issued by a group of Harvard men, continues into volume two an interesting publishing venture begun last year. In "Notes on Printing," which have formed a readable part of each issue, Mr. David T. Pottinger of the Harvard University Press writes sympathetically of the work of Daniel Berkeley Updike of the Merrymount Press.

IT seems extraordinary that following directly upon the first illustrated edition of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," recently mentioned in these columns, there now comes to hand another edition which attempts to do much the same thing, and to picture the torment of that poem in much the same modernistic way. This volume, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., contains sixteen "conceptions" (a disarming phrase!) by John Vassos, reproduced with success by photo-lithography. It would seem as if Oscar Wilde's verses had been given sufficient pictorial attention in these two recent issues, but, remarkable as the pictures are, especially Mr. Vassos's, it is questionable if the poem gains from pictorial embellishment.

"A ROD for the Back of the Binder," issued by the Lakeside Press at Chicago, to advertise its department of extra binding, is a useful and readable exposition of some of the best practices. This handbook is well illustrated—in fact I do not know of any small manual which so adequately sets forth the details of book-binding.

"THE Life and Death of the Admirable Crichton," from the original text of "The Discoverey of a Most Exquisite Jewel," 1652, has been printed for the Pleiad, the typography by Frederic Warde, and issued in this country by Harper & Brothers. As a piece of book-making the volume is a disappointment. The type—what is supposed to be the original Baskerville—is excellent, and the plan of the book good. But I think that an adn.irable typographical Crichton would never print a small quarto page with the grain of the paper (not to mention the laid marks) running the wrong way, so that each leaf stands out like a sore thumb. It is a readable page—but the stiffness of the paper negatives much of the charm of the book.

THE indefatigable editor of the *News Letter of the LXIVmos* has evolved a scheme for keeping interest in that bulletin at fever-heat. Each number is printed at a different place, and following a number from France, comes the most recent issue from the press of G. Hess, Munich. We congratulate Mr. Henderson, the Scrivener of the Sixty-four-mos, on producing so readable a bulletin.

THE industrious Mr. McMurtrie has added to his numerous monographs on printing a folio pamphlet on "The First Printing in the Province of Quebec." I wish that the author had a higher sense of historical writing than to make such statements as "a resident of Paris who referred to them [the beginning of Canadian printing] in a volume printed and published in France." This is really a little too casual.

THE postage-stamp collector will be interested in six suggestions—in bright colors and shameless designs—for "Stamps to Be Issued after March 4th Commemorating the Victory of Tammany Hall." These have been issued by the Salt House Press of Baltimore, presumably in the usual very small edition of Mr. Turner's items. They are worth having if you can get a set!

R.

THE MOSHER CATALOGUE

IT was one of the thrills of youth to welcome the Mosher Catalogue each year. To me at least it opened treasure chests which I had never dreamed of, and even if there had been no Mosher books or monthly *Bibelot*, the annual catalogue, with its admirably chosen verses and prose passages in lieu of typographic decoration, would have served to cheer up many a mean day. As Lamb lived with "Rose Aylmer," so did I with the little blue-paper covered catalogues. They deteriorated with time, I regret to say; when the war came, and prices of printing rose, the covers changed to slippery machine-made paper, and the increasing bulk forced other economics. But possibly Mosher thought that it was better to save on the catalogue while keeping the books up in quality and down in price. For it is one of the astonishing merits of Mosher as a publisher that his books were modest in price, even the largest and most elaborate of them. He never lived long enough into the days of prosperity to yield to the insidious lure of high prices. His delectable little books—sometimes without much grace of typography, but always with charm—were really low in price, and worth every cent of that price. We know more about typography now, but I doubt if we know more about sanity in publishing.

R.

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G. M. T.

* *

AT the Anderson Galleries, sale on October 23 of modern first editions from the library of Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, the highest price, $390, was paid by James F. Drake for the London, 1906, edition of John Galsworthy's "Man of Property." Another Galsworthy book, "A Man of Devon," Edinburgh, 1901, published under his pseudonym of "John Sinjohn," brought $270. Stephen Crane's "The Black Riders and Other Lines," Boston, 1895, one of fifty copies printed in green on Japan Vellum, went to R. B. Honeyman for $220; while the same author's "Red Badge of Courage," New York, 1896, with an autograph inscription laid in, brought $150. The Phoenix Book Shop paid $150 for thirty-five miscellaneous publications decorated by Claud Lovat Fraser, and Mr. Drake $135 for sixteen specimen pages of printing designed by Bruce Rogers. The total amount of the sale was $6,090.

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THE BOOKSELLER and Print Dealers' Weekly announces its removal to larger premises in association with the Drama Book Shop at 29 West 47th Street, New York City (Phone: Bryant 0591). Third Year of Publication. A Magazine for Collectors, Libraries, Learned Societies, Universities, Book and Print Sellers all over the world. Contents: Notes on Book Collecting by Michael Sadleir; Notes for the Modern Collector by Greville Worthington, and other series by authoritative writers; Announcements of the leading American and European Booksellers; The Want and Sale Lists of the World; Weekly Feature of Bargains, including Dickens, Kipling, Wordsworth and other Autographs of famous people; Fine Lists of Prints, Modern First Editions and Early 16th, 17th and 18th Century Tracts. The *only* paper which guarantees its Want Advertisers. Sample copy 10 cents. Annual Subscription $3.50.

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ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

Apostle of that "noblest pleasure . . . . the joy of understanding," author of THE ART OF THINKING

In this column *The Inner Sanctum* has made much discourse of its open door policy toward unsolicited manuscripts and authors unheralded. . . . A book just published vindicates and rewards this editorial attitude, and imbues *The Inner Sanctum* with the same glow it experienced on launching *The Story of Philosophy*.

The title is a stroke of genius: *The Art of Thinking*, and *the book justifies it.*

Many months ago a white-haired Abbé quietly came to The Inner Sanctum to offer a manuscript for consideration, without fanfare, without introductions, without any high-pressure program for making another best-seller. The manuscript would tell its own story. . . . It did. . . . In *The Art of Thinking* the entire editorial staff saw at once the wit, the grace, the inspiring wisdom of a natural prince of scholars. Acceptance was prompt and enthusiastic, and only then did *The Inner Sanctum* discover that the author was an author of international renown, with an impressive roster of twelve earlier books, written in French, in English, and in Latin! One of his earliest works, published in 1908, was crowned by THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Profoundly read and widely travelled, a secular priest and a lay scholar, a leader among men, taking for his province all thought, and the total perspective of a rich life, Abbé ERNEST DIMNET encourages in the reader a passion for straight thinking.

Watch *The Art of Thinking* . . . more anon.

The Inner Sanctum got such a big kick from making FLORENZ ZIEGFELD write his first piece of literary criticism, that it decided to continue its raid on the producers, and captured the following critique from WINTHROP AMES and DE WOLF HOPPER:

"It seems to me that in 'THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN' *Mr. Goldberg has told all that one cares to know about this interesting pair of geniuses, and told it most entertainingly."*
WINTHROP AMES

"I have read 'THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN' *by* MR. ISAAC GOLDBERG *and think it splendid, from every angle. It is beautifully and intelligently written and should prove of immense interest to the thousands of lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan. I cordially recommend this work to them.*
DE WOLF HOPPER

If this be log-rolling, make the most of it, but *The Inner Sanctum* must record its applause for the following shows, which recently turned your staid and monastic correspondents into a pair of cheering first-nighters:

The Four Marx Brothers
Ups-A-Daisy
All the shows and the ALT HEIDELBERG *spirit at the* RIALTO THEATRE, *Hoboken*
J. P. McEvoy's Americana

The Inner Sanctum erred in its recent manifesto about the new ROLAND DORGELÈS novel *Departure* to the effect that two hundred thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong. A cable from the French publishers announces that this exotic novel of mystery and travel in the orient has already been bought by 250,000 persons.

—ESSANDESS

Harry Hansen goes Winnie-ther-Pooh

"If ever we can overcome sleep, presses will never stop when they start printinganything about Winnie-the-Pooh."

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THE PHOENIX NEST

THE two matters that have excited us most this past week have been *The Outlook's* published investigation of the Bridgewater murder of which *Vanzetti* was convicted prior to the Braintree one, with its monumental proof of his innocence, due to the work of *Silas Bent* and *Jack Callahan* upon the case,—and the publication of *Joseph Moncure March's* second narrative poem, "The Set-Up." . . .

All we can say in regard to the former is—beg, borrow, or steal a copy of *The Outlook* for October 31st and a copy of *The Outlook* for November 7th, and then go to see the current play, "Gods of the Lightning," by *Maxwell Anderson* and *Harold Hickerson*. . . .

In regard to Mr. March's new opus, you are compelled to read it through at a sitting. This hard-boiled narrative in staccato verse is as compact and deadly as an automatic. It is a triumph of its kind. "The Wild Party," which was not for general circulation, moved as fast, created an atmosphere as true to the sordid. Both poems are for those who—not necessarily hard-boiled themselves—like, once in a while to look without blinkers upon unfamiliar ways of living, and can stand the impact of tragedy, none the less tragedy because the folk involved are primitive types. Mr. March's intensely kinetic method, entirely stripped of all sentimentality, or even of sentiment, is worthy of praise. In the case of "The Set-Up" the tragedy of Pansy Jones hits the heart a shrewder and heavier blow for that very reason. And in photographic reproduction of such scenes as that in the unspeakably squalid dressing-room of the lower-stratum fight-club, and the almost phonographic recording of the discourse therein, the accuracy of Mr. March's eye and ear are startling. Hemingway could have written "The Set-Up" no better as a short story. In it is all the pith of a novel. The thing is extraordinary reporting. The facts underlying such stories appear in the papers every day. Mr. March's greatest success is the vividness with which he makes you see and hear his group of characters, pitches you head-first into scenes that rivet your attention. His economy of means, as before, is most extraordinary. He has been said to remind of *Vachel Lindsay*, of *Masefield*, of others. As a matter of fact he has invented a form of rapid-fire narration of his own. It is adaptable only to certain subjects, to certain scenes, but it fits like a glove the particular themes and the episodes he chooses from out the city's large store of striking raw material. He has established himself in his own niche, definitely. Within his own squared circle he is a fine performer. . . .

A subscriber informs us that he first heard of the *Columbian* monthly, through our columns. Later he submitted several translations to the *Columbian*. One was accepted and printed, a later one was lost—the *Columbian* wrote the translator that the manuscript had disappeared. "Inasmuch," says our correspondent, "as they never paid me for the one they did use, I think I was lucky that they did lose it." We had mentioned the *Columbian* in good faith, and it is now obvious that that periodical deals in a singular fashion with its contributors. . . .

Coward-McCann have brought out the new *Thornton Wilder* book, "The Angel that Troubled the Waters." Mr. Wilder reveals in his introduction that this notebook of dramatic moments is salvage from the work of earlier years. In fact, if we are not mistaken, some of these brief presentations in play form originally appeared in the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Mr. Wilder alludes to himself as an author of sixteen when they were coming into being. For a boy of sixteen they are certainly most remarkable. And they shadow forth the greater writer to-be. Instinct for style is apparent, subtlety and secrecy of meditation. Mr. Wilder's interest in the stage has been of long standing. Some day he may give us a full-length play for production. We have a confidence in his technical dexterity as well as in the beauty and delicacy of his conceptions,—and prophesy that such a play, if it ever emerges, will be an event in American drama. . . .

We have been much shocked to note the death of *Thomas Walsh*, one of the assistant editors of *The Commonweal* for a number of years, a delightful American poet and a distinguished Hispanic scholar and translator. Walsh was one of the older generation in American letters who retained a keen interest in contemporary poetry. He was also familiar with the best literary work being done in Central and South America. He was one of the pleasantest conversational companions we have ever encountered, firm in certain opinions, but always genial and entertaining in his comments. Many an entertaining walk and talk we had with him in the old days, and we recall long poems of his on certain painters, notably on El Greco, that well illustrated the cultivation and distinction of his mind. We met him casually last winter in a restaurant of an evening, and that was to be for the last time. A lovable man, a sound Catholic, a charitable though witty personality. His latest work was a notable anthology of Catholic poetry. We feel his loss. . . .

Now that the "talkies" seem to have come to stay and, indeed, to be put upon the threshold of a new and astonishing development of the moving picture, we see that the moving picture powers-that-be are beginning to enlist the services of well-known writers to prepare dialogue. *John V. A. Weaver*, whom we ran into the other evening, is one of the first to go to Hollywood to lend a hand. He left last Wednesday, in the services of Paramount. *Dorothy Parker* is to go out a little later for Metro-Goldwyn, and we understand that *Bob Benchley* will also soon be on the way. Each, of course, is excellent in his or her own vein. New screen comedy in which the characters no longer act in dumb show should greatly profit by the "quick lines" of these three star performers in colloquy. . . .

W. E. Woodward now comes forward with "Meet General Grant," after having interpreted for us George Washington. The present is a large, full volume with twenty interesting illustrations. The copy of the photograph of *Lincoln* made on April 10, 1865, is especially interesting. It was Lincoln's last picture, and the negative was accidentally broken, so that only one print was made from it. The face repays long study. It is full of such extreme suffering, gentleness, strength, even humor. . . .

We have just been reading *Aldous Huxley's* "Point Counterpoint," and the recent review of it by *Joseph Wood Krutch* in the *Nation* strikes us as excellent. It is to us the richest and strongest of the Huxley novels we have read. It seems to be having a remarkable sale, aided of course by its selection by the Literary Guild. But it should be widely read. Huxley's intelligence is particularly keen in this his latest work. His insight is sometimes almost annihilatingly true. . . .

We should think, to judge by the opinions of her work cited in the large folder concerning her which we have received, that it would be well worth your while witnessing the "Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form" presented by *Angna Enters* on the next three Sunday evenings, November 11th, 18th, and 25th, at the Plymouth Theatre, 236 West 45th Street. The present series will constitute Miss Enters's only New York appearances until she concludes a transcontinental tour of thirty American cities, and fulfils her European engagements. Seats are on sale at the box office of the Plymouth Theatre, telephone Lackawanna 6720, or by mail from H. Stylow, 52 West 57th Street, this city. . . .

H. G. Wells and Professor *Julian Huxley* are said to be collaborating on a volume dealing with "The Science of Life." A talking moving-picture is to be made of them discussing in a garden the scope of their projected work. . . .

Harper & Brothers are bringing out a popular explanation of psychoanalysis by *James Oppenheim*, entitled "Behind Your Front." In the course of the volume Mr. Oppenheim analyzes a number of persons in the public eye. By means of questions, charts and drawings of typical faces he enables the reader to classify himself. . . .

THE PHOENICIAN.

SEARS SOLILOQUIES

SOME publishers of books have been crying for "fewer and better books." Some booksellers have been crying about the "terrible flood of books" and "no room to put them on our shelves." Such people will not last long. They have a disease called Chronic Inertia. It is a serious malady.

Fortunately other publishers and other booksellers have adopted the slogan "more and better books," and these are thinking, always looking ahead all the time. They say: "If every family in the country (25,000,000 altogether) acquired one good book a week, this nation would never permit war, or riots, or strikes, or much crime again, because each family would know that all of them are waste and that none of them pay. The cost of 1,300,000,000 books a year—that is, one a week for each family—would amount to less than is spent by many of us for a single meal. It would pay to eat a little less and read a book a week. Some day we shall do it.

Not so many years ago there were less than a thousand titles issued a year. Now there are nearly 9,000. In twenty years—or less—there will be 25,000. When there are 25,000 some of them will be better than any of the books issued in all history.

Only a few years ago the people who have this serious malady Chronic Inertia, wept because a few hundred automobiles would ruin everything and scare all the horses. It's done already. They have scared all the horses off the streets and everybody is delighted. Now these patients say that 25,000,000 of these cars are ruining our cities and our country. In twenty years—or less—there will be 50,000,000 automobiles and we shall still muddle along happier than ever. Some publishers and some booksellers say "there are plenty of well known writers to go around. Why put out books by unknown authors?" Chronic Inertia again. It is youth that originates and age that judges. A good combination. You who are old examine the new work of those who are young, and thus keep from senile degeneration for a little while longer.

You shall read of a work of a young man, *Gorham B. Munson*, who has analyzed in his *Destinations* a group of these new writers; the novel of a young woman named *Eleanor Chase* who has drawn a living picture in her book *Pennagan Place* of a middle western family of the type that has made this country; the novel of *Robert Collyer Washburn* who has taken in his *Samson* the old biblical story and made it 20th Century with a vigor, a humor and a satire that are startling, amusing, suggestive; the tale of *James G. Dunton* of Massachusetts who has in *A Maid and a Million Men* given a smart criticism of our social structure by dressing a girl (posing as her twin brother) in khaki and putting her (or him) in the Army; the novel of *Elizabeth Alexander*, who in her *Second Choice* satirizes with a keen yet gentle wit the strange impulses that lead to matrimony; the adventures of *Dr. Arthur Torrance*, tropical diseases shark, who gives a romantic picture of the work his kind is carrying on in the gallant search for the cause and cure of the devastating plagues that come from flies, mosquitos and other insects in his *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man;* the autobiography of the man who calls himself *Jack Callahan* (for evident reasons) who in his *Man's Grim Justice*, tells his own story of how he was educated to be a pick-pocket, then to become a bank robber, who then went to States Prison where he had ample time to read books from which he first discovered that he could be happier and get more of this world's goods by running straight.

There are many more, some better, some worse, but all suggestive—little units fighting the great malady Chronic Inertia.

There is *Elsa Barker*, who for the first time has written a detective mystery novel, *The Cobra Candlestick*, accepted by the new Detective Story Book of the Month Club as their first selection; *H. Du Coudray*, a girl undergraduate of Lady Margaret Hall College Oxford, who has written in *"Another Country"* the Oxford-Cambridge Universities Prize Novel, a singularly mature character study; *Ethel Pettit*, whose novel, *"Move Over"* is still selling merrily on as it has been selling for over a year; and *Frederick Arnold Kummer*, the well known playwright, who in his *Ladies in Hades* has turned to humor and sophisticated satire that has already helped to cure many a despondent mind.

And thus even the great biblical invocation can be amended to "let us pray and read." We shall then think and move onwards toward better things. Let us have ever "more and better books" and book shops as big as department stores.

Better a piece of bread, a single robe and a book than an indigestible paté, a wardrobe and Chronic Inertia.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 46. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best brief lyric called "Paradise Lost." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of November 19.)

Competition No. 47. Three special Christmas prizes—a First of twenty dollars, a Second of ten dollars, and a Third of five dollars—are offered for the three best Ballads of Christmas mailed to reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 3. Entries should not contain more than forty-eight lines. A Ballad of Christmas need not necessarily be either a carol, a hymn, or a familiar story or legend, and it need not be about the Nativity. Such Ballads, however, will be as acceptable as any others.

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

THE prize of fifteen dollars offered for the most amusing words of the Senator's Patter Song from an American Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Finance," by Gilbert and Sullivan, has been awarded to Homer M. Parsons of San Bernardino, Cal.

THE PRIZE ENTRY.

SENATOR'S PATTER SONG

SEN.—*I am the very pattern of a Senator American,*
I keep in better touch with France than even Mr. Herrick can;
I keep the public misinformed on things they ought to know about,
And figures that are meaningless I scatter as I go about;
I wave the flag and tell them I am highly patriotical;
At charging gin—er—windmills, I am chivalrous, quixotical.
I'm strong for prohibition, and dead sot agin the whiskey-ring—ring—
(Bothered for next rhyme)—*Whiskey-ring — whiskey-ring* (struck with an idea)
My secretary always keeps the cellar key on his *keyring.*
(Joyously) *My secretary always keeps the cellar key on* his *keyring.*

ALL.—*His secretary always*, etc.

SEN.—*And while on tariff, A to Z, my thoughts are strictly rational,*
I know my onions better when affairs are international.
In fact, I keep in better touch with France than Mr. Herrick can.
I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—*In fact, he keeps*, etc.
He is the very, etc.

SEN.—*I'm in the "know" on Mexico, and politics Peruvian;*
My knowledge is so up-to-date it's nearly post-diluvian;
I've learned to pose for movie men in postures piscatorial,
And weep the proper tears upon a monument memorial;
I osculate the babies till my luncheon turns a somerset
(If I could choose I'd pick an older, prettier and dumber set!).
I heave no bricks at public men—my works are agricultural—
(Bothered for next rhyme)—*Agricultural—cultural* (struck with an idea)
I wouldn't slam your Herbert, and I wouldn't catapult your Al.
(Joyously) *I wouldn't slam*, etc.

ALL.—*He wouldn't slam*, etc.

SEN.—*I have no bricks (or very few); instead I strike an attitude,*
And on our farm relief I mouth a very pretty platitude.
You see, I can employ more IT than Tom or Dick or Harry can!
I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—*You see, he can employ*, etc.
He is the very model, etc.

SEN.—*In fact, as soon as I can learn to legislate the proper laws,*
And leave to science all the anti-bedbug and grasshopper laws,
And know a few more things than beer, and how to brew and cap it tight—
(For instance, how to regulate a normal human appetite!);
And when upon my salary I've taught myself to lodge in ease,
And found beneath my hat the fellow sought by old Diogenes,
And when at pork in barrels I no longer cast my ogle eyes—
(Bothered for next rhyme)—*Ogle eyes — ogle eyes* — (struck with an idea)
You'll say no finer senatorial heart beneath a toga lies.
(Joyously) *You'll say no finer*, etc.

ALL.—*You'll say no finer*, etc.

SEN.—*For though I know so little of affairs that are significant,*
I'm very good at bluffing that I savvy, even if I can't;
I still can throw the bull as well as any modern dairy can.
I am the very model of a Senator American.

ALL.—*He still can throw*, etc.
He is the very model, etc.

(Enter Pirates of Finance—Tableau.)

HOMER M. PARSONS.

Although competitors were under no obligation to burlesque the Major General's song in particular, most of them chose to do so. Luckily, nobody seems to have been misled by the misprint that made nonsense of the last announcement of the competition, when "The Pirates of Finance" appeared, pointlessly, as "The Pirates of Penzance." Anyway, neither senators nor high finance were spared in the resulting songs.

Several competitors seemed to make no distinction between a patter song, with its long lines, rapid tempo, and far-fetched rhymes, and an ordinary Gilbertian lyric. Thus such things as the "Good morrow, good mother" of "Iolanthe" were translated—

Oh, heigho, my hearty,
I've word from our party
That I'll be elected to-day.

Doris E. Pitkin and Phelps Soule were the best of several who did not attempt patter. Both wrote good lyrics, which had to be disqualified. David Heathestone fell half way between these and the imitators of the Major General.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

Scarlet Sister Mary

Solid
brilliant
beautiful
—N. Y. Times

Skilful
charming
unforgettable
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

Creative
glorious
superlative
—Chicago Daily News

Vivid
primitive
genuine
—Chicago Post

Powerful
masterly
great
—Henry Bellaman

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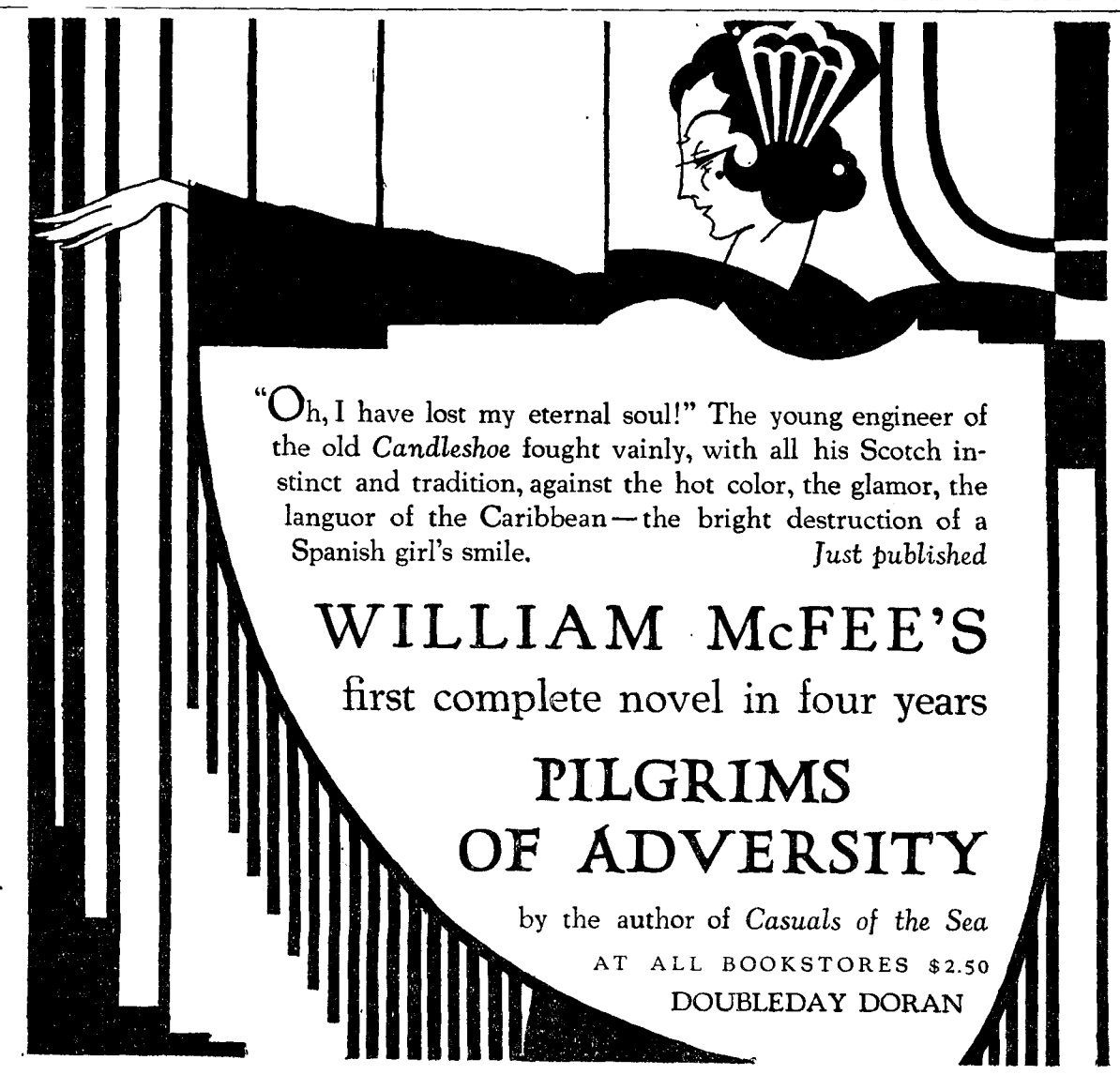

"Oh, I have lost my eternal soul!" The young engineer of the old *Candleshoe* fought vainly, with all his Scotch instinct and tradition, against the hot color, the glamor, the languor of the Caribbean—the bright destruction of a Spanish girl's smile. *Just published*

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Prophets in Their Own Country
No. 1—RICARDA HUCH
Ricarda Huch is Germany's greatest woman novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn in a detailed analysis of her work says: "Ricarda Huch has a prose style of virile firmness and of the highest intellectual distinction. . . . That style of hers is almost lapidary in its severity. It is so highly wrought and so finely tempered that it need not avoid the homeliest details, if it needs them, but raises them into its atmosphere of frugal beauty." *Defeat*, Ricarda Huch's great novel of Garibaldi, has just been published. It is a BORZOI BOOK and may be obtained at all bookshops, price $3.00.

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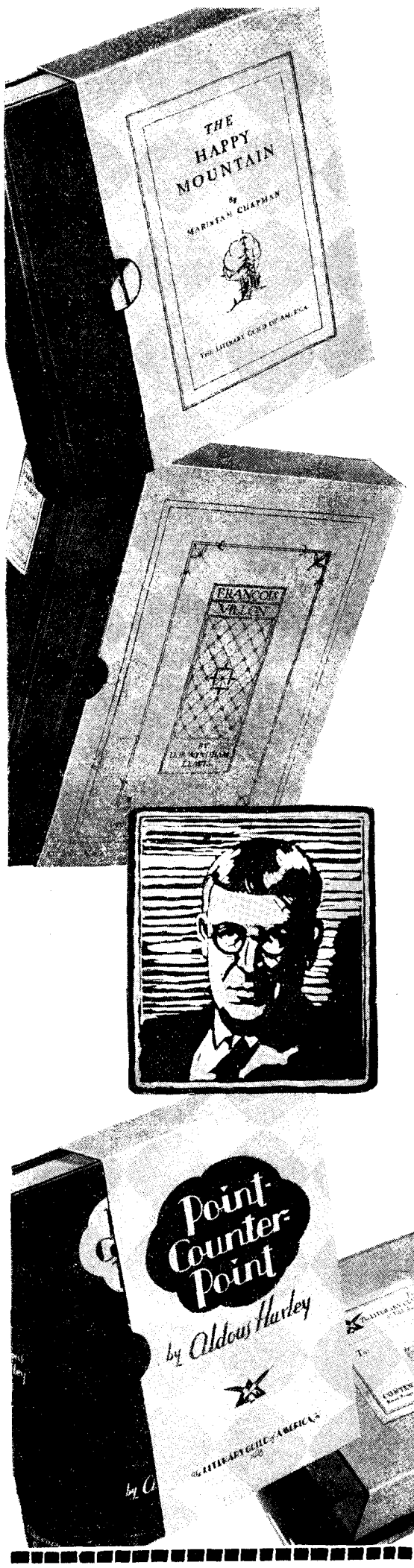

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